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*De la Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue.*  
Par M. Ch. LABITTE. 8vo. Paris: 1841.

FROM about the year 1576 to 1594, a period not far short of twenty years, the fair realm of France, bound down with the iron fetters of that cruel, turbulent, implacable "Ligue" which has obtained a place in history not less conspicuous than the "Directorat" or the "Consulat" of later times, was prostrated at the feet of its clergy. Perhaps no period of history has ever presented a state of things so extraordinary in all its relations, or so replete with warning for future ages. None has been so generally misunderstood and misrepresented by modern historians, who, judging only from a superficial and partial view of the outward face of events, have tried to give it a variety of physiognomies at their own pleasure, and have left it at last a sort of incomprehensible mystery.

It is the duty of the historian to dive beneath the surface of the stream of events; he should seek out the cause which moves the waters; it is not enough to watch merely the apparent actions of those who, perhaps, in spite of their outward importance to the view, are in reality only the arms which execute, while a moving principle far less splendid and less imposing sets them to work.

Such was the case in an especial degree with this redoubtable "Ligue." Writer after writer has traced the intrigues of the princes, has admired the persevering constancy and bravery of the King of Navarre, has spoken reproachfully of the political pretensions of the pope, and of the selfish designs of the Spaniard; but few or none have withdrawn their eyes from these more dazzling spectacles, to trace the progress of a band of preachers who kept these actors in motion, who used religion as a means of gratifying their ambition or their appetite, and who raised a storm which, as we have just remarked, it took nearly twenty years to allay. These formed the true body and soul of the "Ligue," and they furnish a political lesson which it would be well to remember. A French writer of good promise, who was recently cut off in the prime of his life, attempted, in the volume of which we give the title above, to compile their history from a class of documents too seldom consulted—the political sermons and satirical tracts, which, under circumstances like these, never fail to issue from the press in profusion. A few pages will not be thrown away in laying before our readers some portion of the result of his researches, which are very little known in this country. We take his volume as a collection of materials; for in some of his general views we entirely disagree. In many things M. Labitte appears to us to partake too much of the character of a historian, who flatters himself that he is viewing history from a neutral and impartial position, because he treats the principles of both parties with equal contempt; and, in so doing, he further runs into a fault too common in French writers of this class—that of generalizing facts which are simply accidental, and of giving as general principles what are merely the evident result of sudden political excitement.

Let us, before we proceed, glance for a moment at the events that preceded those which more especially belong to our subject. It is not our intention to dwell upon those sanguinary persecutions of the Protestants which disgraced the reign of Charles IX., and seemed to have turned this part of Europe into one wide unchanging field of murder, rape, and pillage. The monks and Catholic preachers acted a prominent part in these fearful scenes; they waded literally through blood to the pulpit, from which there seemed to issue but one continuous cry of, "Slay! slay! rob! rob!" a cry which had, indeed, been heard long before it was put in execution. As early as the year 1554, ten years before the execution of Anne Dubourg, and eighteen before the fatal St. Barthélemy, the dean of St. Germain l'Auxerrois at Paris, father Le Picart, had the effrontery to preach from his pulpit, when speaking of the Protestants, that, "the king ought for a time to counterfeit the Lutheran amongst them, so that thus alluring them into his power, they might fall upon them all, and purge the kingdom of them at once." As the support of the clergy became more and more necessary to the ambitious designs of the Guises, their influence increased to such a point that even the royal will was no longer a bridle to it, and they undisguisedly and unequivocally urged on the populace to rise and destroy the Huguenots. There was soon a general insurrection of the clergy against the moderate and peaceful policy of the king, whose weakness only increased their audacity. For several years priests and monks were everywhere busily engaged in preaching to the people that they should take up arms; they hesitated not to point out to the assassin men of wealth and influence who favored the reformers; they even went so far as to proclaim in their sermons that, "if the king showed too much reluctance to massacre the Calvinists, he ought to be dethroned, and shut up in a convent;" and, at the beginning of the memorable year 1572, a bishop, Arnaud Sorbin of Nevers, *faisait rage* (to use the expression of contemporary historians) against the king for not killing them, and publicly excited the Duke of Anjou to do the work himself, "not without giving him some hope of the primogeniture, as Jacob had received that of his brother Esau." The pulpit became a power superior to the laws; the king was no longer able to resist, and the result was the catastrophe of the 24th of August, 1572, which is still remembered with horror as the massacre of St. Barthélemy. From this moment the French clergy, in the persons of its preachers, a number of turbulent, seditious, unruly men, took the field undisguisedly, and continued to overawe the crown by constantly stirring up the passions of the mob. These preachers soon became the masters of the kingdom.

Such was the state of France when, in 1574, Henri III. ascended the throne. A powerful insurrection against the crown already existed, which was excited by men who above all others had the entry to every hearth and access to every car, and who made no scruple of enlisting to their purposes every wild passion and revolutionary feeling under the specious pretence of the safety of the church.

All they wanted was organization, and a banner under which to fight. The latter was furnished by the popularity of the Guises, whom, for more than one generation, the Catholic preachers had been pointing out to the devotion of their hearers by the most extravagant eulogies of which they were capable; scarcely a distinguished member of the family had died within memory who had not been held forth from the pulpit as a saint or a martyr.\* On all these occasions, the preachers hardly concealed their wish to set up the House of Lorraine in opposition to the reigning family; and they constantly dwelt on the theme, that a king who shows favor to heretics ought to be torn from his throne by his subjects, and one more orthodox substituted in his place. The organization, which the earlier opposition to the crown had wanted, was found in the "Ligue."

This Ligue, of which the first serious symptoms showed themselves in 1576, was only the realization on a large scale of what had already been attempted partially by the Cardinal de Lorraine. When once formed, the association increased rapidly, and as it became stronger, its aim was directed proportionably higher. One of the articles of its programme was "The Defence of the King;" but as that was only a secondary object, it was soon forgotten. In fact, it was covenanted from the first, that those of the "Holy Union," as it was termed, had a right to sustain their cause by force of arms against whoever it might be. The remissness which they thought Henri III. showed in persecuting heretics, and the defection of the heir-presumptive (the Duke of Alençon) to the united party of the Huguenots and discontented Catholics, irritated the violent Catholics to that degree, that it was resolved to overthrow the house of Valois. A messenger sent to the court of Rome represented, that the benedictions bestowed by the Holy See on the race of Charlemagne had not passed to the family of Hugh Capet, and a genealogy was drawn up by which the Guises were made to be the descendants of the Carolingians. The first volume of the "Mémoires de la Ligue" contains a note of the secret council held at Rome for the destruction of the house of Valois, and the transmission of the crown to that of Guise, in which the preachers were to act a very important part. They are brought forward even in the first article, which directs, "that in the pulpit and at the confessional the clergy shall exert themselves against the privileges granted to the sectarians, and excite the populace to hinder them from enjoying them."†

\* The unscrupulous political violence of the Catholic preachers was as remarkable in their eulogies as in their personal attacks, and many really amusing examples might be given. M. Labitte takes the following anecdote from De Thou. Pierre du Chartel, in his funeral sermon on François I., proclaimed to his hearers that the soul of the great monarch was already in heaven. The faculty of theology was singularly scandalized by this assertion, which they considered as a denial of purgatory. A deputation of theologians was sent to the new king, Henri II., to expostulate; but Jean de Mendoze, who was to introduce them, said to them, "Je sais pourquoi vous venez ici; je connaissais notre bon maître mieux que vous, et s'il a été en purgatoire il n'aura fait qu'y goûter le vin; il n'était pas homme à rester longtemps en place." The Sorbonne appears to have been satisfied with this explanation.

† "Qu'en chaire et au confessional ceux du clergé s'élèvent contre les privilèges accordés aux sectaires et excitent le peuple à empêcher qu'ils n'en jouissent." We have seen a similar political use made of the confessional in France in our own days, so certain is it that the bad principles of the Romish church are inherent to the system, and that they remain unchanged.

The curés were enjoined to act the part of men in condition to bear arms, and it was resolved that the king should be deposed and shut up in a monastery. This was an attempt to force society back to the barbarism of the first ages of the monarchy.

When Henri convoked the first states at Blois, he hoped that moderate men would have been elected; but the preachers had caused so much excitement among the Catholics, that the Protestants did not dare to offer themselves, and the deputies present were all liguers. The king felt the difficulty of his position, and attempted to recover his influence by suddenly placing himself at the head of the Ligue; but his weakness of character hindered him from profiting by this step. The projects of the Guises were for a moment only disconcerted; and the edict of Poitiers strengthened their party, which now openly encouraged and invoked the demagogic passions of the mob as a weapon against the throne. The violent attacks upon the king from the pulpit, and the eulogies of the Guises, increased daily. Every vice and even every weakness of Henri III. was raked up and dwelt upon with malicious acrimony; his very acts of devotion, which in another monarch would have been lauded to the skies, were turned into crimes; and when he founded a monastic order of penitents, one of the most distinguished and active preachers of the day, the benedictine Maurice Poncet applied to them in his sermon the title of "*la confrérie des hypocrites et athéistes*." In fact, the Catholics would not allow the king to save his soul even in an orthodox manner.

Under these circumstances, the principles of the Ligue rapidly spread themselves through every part of the kingdom. "In the north, as in the south, the Union found its adepts as well amongst the turbulent as among the moderate. At Nîmes, it was established by massacres and rapes; at Laon, it was adopted in the name of reason and legality. In the pulpits of the provinces, the same principles and the same invectives resounded as in the pulpits of Paris; at Lyons, there was the Jacobin monk Bolo, and more especially the Jesuit Claude Matthias, the *courier of the Ligue*, as he was called, an indefatigable traveller who, under the least pretext, ran from one end of Europe to the other for the interests of his party; at Soissons, there was Launay, who in the sequel became one of the chiefs; at Rouen, the cordelier Gilles Bloin; at Orleans, the learned but violent theologian Burlat; and above all, there was at Toul the archdeacon of the cathedral, François de Rosières, who declaimed against his king amid the applauding shouts of the mob, "*con plausibile e popolare eloquenza*," as Davila says. This François de Rosières had in 1581 published a book in favor of the title of the house of Lorraine, for which he was thrown into the Bastille; the credit of the Guises procured his release; but Rosières showed no gratitude to Henri III. for his clemency, or rather for his incredible apathy. At Châtillon, the sermons of the preachers appear to have been thought insufficient; to excite more effectually the populace, the clergy caused to be represented, in a *mystery* or theatrical exhibition, the combat of David against the giant Goliath. David, as might easily be guessed, was the symbol of Henri de Guise." The result of this extraordinary activity of the Catholics was, that Henri III. was universally abandoned. The state of things became still more alarming, when the death of the Duke of Alençon made Henri of Navarre, the Huguenot leader, heir-apparent to the throne. His claims

were at once set aside by a bull of excommunication, and the court of Rome openly put forward the titles of Henri de Guise, the eager adviser and promoter of the massacre of the Saint Barthélemy, to the crown of France, which the preachers were directed to set forth zealously in their sermons.

At first the higher clergy had shown some degree of reluctance to take part in these gross and indecent attacks upon royalty. It was the religious orders, the curés, the *maîtres ès arts crottés*, (as they were termed in derision by the other party,) the doctors of the Sorbonne, fed with Spanish money, publicly encouraged by the Guises, paid and excited, and even prompted by the Duchess of Montpensier, to whom the king was an object of furious hatred; in fact it was the whole body of the secondary clergy, who, assisted by the intrigues of the Jesuits, the support of the pope's nuncio, and the discontent of two or three ambitious and turbulent prelates, threw themselves into the foremost ranks of the disaffected, and acted upon the masses by the unbridled brutality of their declamations. An example or two will show the unscrupulous manner in which they propagated misrepresentation and falsehood. In August, 1587, Jean Boucher, (one of the most violent of the curés of Paris,) preaching in the church of St. Barthélemy, told his auditors with the greatest assurance, that the king intended to hinder all the preachers from speaking the truth, and that he had already put to death Burlat, the incendiary preacher of Orleans. Henri III., informed of this calumny, sent for several of the rebellious doctors of the Sorbonne, and in their presence asked Boucher why he had accused him of murdering Burlat! Boucher said that it had been told him for truth. The king reproached him for believing what was evil rather than what was good, and then caused Burlat to be introduced, alive and well, to Boucher's no small confusion, who, however, escaped without punishment. It is even said that Burlat had been all the time living in intercourse with Boucher and the other preachers. In the same year, when the German Reiters were entirely defeated at the battle of Auneau, at which the king was present, the preachers could scarcely give him a small share in the victory, a few of them only condescending to compare him with Saul, who had slain his thousand, while David, i. e., Henri de Guise, had killed his ten thousand; but every pulpit rang with the marvellous valors of this "new Gideon sent for the salvation of France." The king is said to have been extremely offended at these demonstrations of partiality; but he was still more alarmed in the December following, when in the Sorbonne the faculty of theology decided that it was lawful to take the government out of the hands of princes, who did not fully perform the duties expected from them.

We are now arrived at the eventful year 1588. In spite of the successful efforts of the preachers, in spite of the approbation and encouragement of the pope, and the active support of Philip II., of Spain, the Guises seem to have shown some reluctance to put themselves openly at the head of the insurrection, till the uncontrollable zeal of a self-formed committee, behind which they concealed themselves, obliged them to throw off the mask. This committee consisted chiefly of the more intemperate of the preachers, with two or three *bourgeois*, equally distinguished by their violence,

who on entering were made to swear to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to the cause, and who met for some time in the chamber of Boucher, in the Sorbonne. They were especially supported by the Duke of Mayenne, and were directly countenanced by the pope. It was, indeed, with them that the latter communicated most confidentially. They began by demanding of the king the establishment of an inquisition, like that of Spain, in every town in France, which was of course refused; and then they sent agents into every part of the kingdom, to agitate the populace. At Paris, the seditious acrimony of the sermons increased to such a degree, that the king was obliged to send for one of the preachers, who, at the beginning of May, had held forth against him with more than ordinary intemperance in the pulpit of St. Séverin. A report was instantly set abroad by the clergy, that the king designed to seize all the preachers; whereupon the curé of St. Séverin raised his parishioners, and refused to deliver the offender. Boucher simultaneously sounded the tocsin in his parish of St. Benoit; their confederate, Bussy-le-Clerc, one of the most violent of the lay members of the committee, came with his company in arms, and established himself in the immediate neighborhood of the church; and the king's archers, who came to seek the preacher, were driven away. The die was irrecoverably thrown by this open act of rebellion; and only a few days after, on the 12th of May, 1588, the "barricades" compelled Henri III. to make a hasty retreat from his capital by one of its most private entrances, followed by the musket-shots of his own subjects. This event had been long in preparation by the revolutionary council of the preachers, who, in the moment of action, showed themselves in the foremost ranks. They marched at the head of an army of 400 monks, and 800 scholars of the university, shouting out "That they must go and seize 'brother' Henry de Valois, in his Louvre." After the king's escape, they established a kind of municipal government in the capital.

Influenced by this success, for the king by his flight had given them an undoubted advantage, the clergy of Paris seemed to be worked up to a sort of madness, and the king, in his retreat, was exposed daily to new insults and humiliations. Many of the vacant curés of the churches of the capital were given to violent liguers, to the injury of those who were legitimately entitled to them; and two priests, who afterwards made themselves peculiarly conspicuous, Guincestre and Pigenat, were thus forced into the churches of St. Nicolas des Champs, and St. Gervais. The latter preacher was especially popular with the Parisian mob, and he carried his zeal so far as to march in their fanatical processions stark naked, with nothing but a little apron of white linen before him. Henri III., driven to desperation, had the weakness to attempt to deliver himself by a crime; he ordered the murder of the two Guises, Henri and his brother, the cardinal, which was executed on the 23d of December, 1588.

The preachers of Paris were struck dumb with astonishment at the first intelligence of this unlooked-for tragedy, and for two or three days their violence seemed to have ceased. But it was only the silence which often precedes a great explosion. Guincestre was the first to break it; on the 29th of December he mounted the pulpit of the church of St. Barthélemy, and pronounced a violent philippic against the king, whom he called a *villain*



*Herodes* (the anagram of *Henri de Valois*), and after applying to him every kind of opprobrious epithet, declared to his audience that they owed him no further obedience. The latter, after the sermon, rushed to the door, where they tore down the king's arms, and trampled them under foot. On the 1st of January, the same Guincestre called out to his audience to hold up their hands and swear that they would revenge the deaths of the princes with the last farthing in their purses, and with the last drop of their blood. The president, De Harlay, a man distinguished for his moderation, was sitting in face of the pulpit; and the preacher addressed him more pointedly than the rest—"Raise your hand, Monsieur le President, raise it very high, in order that everybody may see you." Had the president dared to disobey, he would probably have fallen a sacrifice to the mob. Not many weeks afterwards, he was thrown into prison by the liguers. Pigenat preached the apotheosis of the Guises at Notre Dame; and, in the midst of a torrent of eulogistic eloquence, he stopped suddenly to ask his auditors if there was not a man among them zealous enough to avenge the martyrs "in the blood of the tyrant who had ordered their death." This was a direct incitement to regicide. In Paris, the clergy got up a procession of 100,000 persons carrying tapers in their hands, and shouting, "God, extinguish the race of the Valois!" Some of the priests placed on their altars wax images of Henri III., and during the service of the mass stabbed them several times to the heart.

The murder of the princes forms a marked epoch in the history of the Ligue. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, left the king and repaired to Paris, where he gave the Ligue, by his presence, the authority of the name of Philip II. The Duke of Mayenne, the brother of the Guises, had also thrown himself into Paris; and under his presidency was constituted the "council of forty," afterwards increased to the number of fifty-four, which included seven of the most intemperate preachers, Rose, Boucher, Prévost, Aubry, Pelletier, Pigenat, and Launay. The members of this council, which had virtually seized upon the government of the country, received each a salary of a hundred écus every month. The object of the Essay of M. Labitte, which we are following in our narrative, is to show the democratic tendency of the sermons of these preachers; and it is evident throughout, that they encouraged republican principles, with the object of securing to themselves the exercise of power unchecked by a superior hand. They were never unmindful of their own interests, for they took care to appropriate to themselves a large portion of the plunder of the houses of suspected royalists, and some of them were known to be living in shameful profligacy. A writer of the time tells us that men who a few years before stood amongst the lowest of the clergy, and possessed little more than what was necessary for their existence, were now grasping, one at a rich benefice, another at an abbey, another at a bishopric, and were hardly satisfied even with these.

The hundred écus a month had certainly a powerful effect in stimulating the zeal of those who received them, who were, if possible, less scrupulous than ever in their calumnious statements. They began, as M. Labitte observes, to deal in the marvellous. Boucher, speaking of the king, in a sermon, on the 15th of February, 1589, said,

"This scurvy-pate (*ce teigneux*) always wears a turban like a Turk, which he has never been seen to take off, even at the sacrament. And when this wretched hypocrite pretended to go against the Reiters he wore a furred German coat with silver hooks, which signified the good intelligence and agreement which were between him and *ces diables noirs empistolés*." These were all gratuitous falsehoods. Guincestre, though not a member of the council, went still further. On Ash-Wednesday he announced that that Lent he would not preach the gospel, because it was "too common and everybody knew it," but that he would relate to his congregation, "The life, actions, and abominable deeds of that perfidious tyrant Henri de Valois," in the course of which he deliberately accused him of offering worship to devils; and drawing out of his pocket an ornamental candlestick, supported by figures of satyrs, which he pretended had belonged to the king—"Lo!" said he, "these are the king's demons; these are the gods whom he adores, and whose enchantments he uses!" Guincestre and Feuardent, a preacher as violent as himself, with the influence of others of the fraternity, now obtained from the faculty of theology a decree, which declared that Henri III. was dethroned, and authorized his subjects to take arms against him. The personalities employed in the sermons became daily more frequent; the moderate inhabitants of Paris were obliged to attend the preachings, and join in acts of intemperate zeal, or they ran the risk of being pointed out from the pulpit to the vengeance of the mob. Women were not spared. On one occasion, a preacher having pointed out two ladies of quality, named Barthélemy and Feudeau, as being somewhat remiss in their zeal, it was not without the greatest difficulty that their persons were saved from outrage, and their houses from pillage. Murder, when committed upon a partisan of the king, was a subject of public exultation. One day a liguier slew a royalist, in a frivolous duel; his valor was in an instant the subject of a sermon in every church. "The young David," it was said, "has slain the Philistine Goliath!"

A new tragedy was now preparing, which was to lead to a further complication of events. The king had strengthened himself by joining with the King of Navarre, who came to his assistance with a Protestant army, and they advanced upon Paris. The populace began to be discouraged; an exhibition of strength might still revive the latent respect for the crown, and in that case the influence of the preachers was at an end. The latter, aware of this, were indefatigable in their exertions, both at Paris and in the provinces, to keep up people's zeal; they said that the capital was strong enough and rich enough to set at defiance four kings; that France was sick, and could only be relieved by a "potion of blood;" and they announced officially that they knew it was intended that, in every town which surrendered to the king, the preachers were to be massacred, the magistrates hung, and the women abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers. The not over-scrupulous writers of the time refuse to report the gross indecency of the terms in which the king was spoken of in the pulpit. The end of July was approaching, and Paris was suffering so much from the siege, that people already began to speak of surrendering. The preachers begged them to wait patiently seven or eight days, and assured them that they would see before the end of the week "some great thing," (*quelque grande chose*), which would effect their deliverance. We



are told that the same announcement was made by the preachers at Rouen, Orleans, Amiens, and other great towns. Within the time specified, on the 1st of August, 1589, Henri III. was assassinated by the Jacobin monk, Jacques Clement, who had been urged to this crime by the exhortations of the preachers, by the favors (as it was said) of the Duchess of Montpensier, and by the promises of the chiefs of the Ligue. One only of the clergy of France, the superior of a Cistercian convent, distinguished by his virtues, ventured to celebrate in public the funeral service for the unfortunate monarch; his monks rebelled against him, he was driven from his office, and was long afterwards an object of persecution in the church.

As we stated at the beginning of our article, France now lay absolutely at the mercy of its preachers. M. Labitte has given brief notices of some of the most prominently seditious. Jean Boucher, the most remarkable of them all for the part he acted, and for the number and violence of his writings, was a native of Paris, born in 1551, distinguished for his learning and eloquence, but ambitious in the extreme, and possessed of a ferocity of character which the historians of the time describe as amounting almost to madness. Next to him comes Guillaume Rose, a fit companion for him, equally learned, and even more eloquent, but characterized by Bayle as *le plus enragé ligueur qui fût en France*: he was two or three years older than Boucher, had received innumerable benefits from the king whom he deserted, and had been made Bishop of Senlis in 1584. He was believed by some to be liable to temporary attacks of insanity. Mathieu de Launay was a native of Sens, had been a convert from Calvinism, and was subsequently a canon of Soissons, where he was the grand supporter of the cause of the Ligue, until he was called by his brethren to Paris; he was accused of irregularity of morals, and there were those who did not hesitate to characterize him by the appellation of *un scélérat*. Génébrard, a Benedictine, born at Riom, in 1537, was also distinguished by his learning, and by his fanatical violence—Lestoile compares his eloquence to that of a fish-woman in a passion. The cordelier, François Feuarent, born at Coutances, in 1539, was also considered as one of the pillars of the Ligue; his name appears to have been characteristic of his temper. A contemporary writer, speaking of his eloquence, tells us that *verbum sicut facula ardebat*. Such were the men who in a manner wielded the destinies of their country. After these in importance come the names of Pigenat, Pelletier, Prévoist, and Guincestre, the latter a Gascon, whose name would seem to show that he was descended from an English family. Jean Hamilton, the curé of St. Cosme, was a Scot, who had left his native country in his youth, on account of his religion. These were imitated in their zeal in a greater or less degree by the numerous muster of names, most of them obscure, which formed the army of this extraordinary church militant. There were but three churches in all Paris which were not occupied by violent liguers; all the others had become veritable nests of sedition, and there was not a place of worship in which a sermon for the success of the "Holy Union" was not preached twice every day.

The murder of the king threw everything into momentary confusion. The preachers were far from wishing to avoid the odium of the deed. A circular was sent round to the clergy of Paris,

containing three points which they were to sustain in their next sermons—to justify the act of the Jacobin by comparing him to Judith—to prove that "the Béarnois" (Henri of Navarre, who had at once assumed the title of Henry IV.) could not succeed to Henry de Valois, and to show that all those who ventured to support his claims ought to be excommunicated. Guincestre celebrated first the apotheosis of Jacques Clement, who was proclaimed in every pulpit as "the blessed child of St. Dominic," "the holy martyr of Christ." Those who dared to apply the title of regicide to the hero who had delivered his country "from that dog Henri de Valois," were marked by the preachers for popular vengeance, under the coarsely expressive but untranslatable epithet of *garnements*. Tapers burnt in the churches around the statue of Jacques Clement, whose mother came to Paris to receive the reward of his act. The people were invited in special sermons to go and reverence "the blessed mother of the martyr," who, on her return, was accompanied to the distance of a league from the capital by a cortège of forty monks. The pope in his joy, on receiving intelligence of the murder, exclaimed that the deed was as useful to the church as the incarnation of the Saviour, and compared the heroism of the assassin to the actions of Judith and Eleazar.

The siege of Paris had been relinquished after the murder of Henri III., and the liguers, whose hopes were suddenly raised to the highest pitch, proclaimed the Cardinal de Bourbon (then a prisoner) his successor, under the title of Charles X., a mere shadow of a king, as M. Labitte observes, which adjourned the settlement of the question among the real pretenders, and allowed them to unite for the destruction of the rightful monarch, Henri IV. The latter appeared to have no resource left but his own tried genius and courage. The Duke of Mayenne had pursued him to the neighborhood of Dieppe, in the confidence of there putting an end to the war, and the windows of the houses in Paris were already let to those who wished to see the Huguenot king led a captive through the streets, when the victory of Arques, in the month of October, completely changed the face of events. The preachers were thunderstruck at the news of this disaster; but they had recourse to their old tricks, and kept people in ignorance as long as they could, by reading from the pulpit pretended letters of their general, announcing triumph after triumph. A sudden and vigorous attack on the faubourgs of the capital revealed the truth to the astonished Parisians.\* Another circumstance alarmed the preachers: Pope Sixtus V. had hitherto given the Ligue his entire support, but, perhaps seeing more advantage to be derived from the expected conversion of Henri IV. than from the success of his rebellious subjects, he began to show a certain degree of irresolution, which irritated them so much that they actually began to

\*A circumstance told by Lestoile on this occasion shows the tyranny exercised by the preachers and lower bourgeoisie at this time, and their jealousy of the civil magistracy. "Le Lundy sixième de Novembre quelques zélés ayant remarqué que pendant que le roi estoit maître des faubourgs, le président Blancmenin, président au parlement, avoit son visage plus riant que de coutume, le prirent prisonnier, et commencerent de lui faire son procès, comme homme suspect et attaché au Béarnois. Cependant il n'en mourut pas par les soins de son frère, seigneur de Gevre et Secrétaire d'Estat." People were daily murdered in the streets or drowned in the river for offences of no greater magnitude.

speak openly against the head of the church, and the news of his death, which happened soon afterwards, was received with expressions of joy.—“God,” said Aubry, in announcing this event from the pulpit, “has delivered us from a wicked and ‘politic’ pope. If he had lived longer, people would have been surprised to hear the pope preached against in Paris, but it would have been necessary to do it.” The Duke of Mayenne and other great leaders of the Ligue began also to nourish more moderate feelings, for they were tired of the intemperate violence of the churchmen. But the latter were supported by the gold of Philip II., who had his own private views; and they endeavored to keep up the political agitation by a multitude of libellous and seditious pamphlets, among the writers of which Jean Boucher stood preëminent. A party, however, had risen, known under the title given them by the preachers, of “the politics,” advocates of moderate measures, and willing to give the crown to Henri of Navarre, on his conversion to the Catholic faith, who were increasing daily, though in secret, and who exerted a considerable influence on events in the sequel. For the present, the preachers had obtained entire command over the minds of the people, as well in the provinces as in the capital. “Fanaticism,” as M. Labitte observes, “reasons not, and, until the exasperation subsided of itself, the efforts of the royalists to plead their cause were vain. They, therefore, returned to the means of conquest, while the liguers redoubled new methods of exciting the populations. Decrees of the Sorbonne, protestations of the pope’s legate, (who, by the way, paid little attention to the directions of his master, when contrary to the party in which he had joined heart and soul,) processions, threats of damnation, promises of felicity in heaven, sermons more frequent than ever, everything was employed with a new eagerness, all means were accumulated, so to say, to render the insurrection general.” Every town in the north of France, and several cities of the south, especially in Provence, were by such means as these secured under the domination of these turbulent monks.

In March, 1590, the Ligue received a still more serious check in the battle of Ivry. The council of government alone knew this fatal intelligence, which had been brought by a prisoner released on parole; and they knew not how to communicate it to the people. After a long deliberation, the monk Christin was charged with this difficult mission. On the 16th of March, the second day after the battle, he mounted the pulpit, and in the course of his sermon introduced, as if by chance, the words of the Scripture: “Quos ego amo, arguo et castigo.” This offered a theme upon which he dwelt at some length, and in the course of his argument he went on to say that God, without doubt, would not fail thus to try the devotion of his Parisians. He pretended to have done with this part of the subject, and was proceeding to another division of his sermon as a courier hastily entered the church, and placed a letter in his hand. Christin looked at it, and then raising himself suddenly in the pulpit with the letter in his hand, he cried out with an affected air of consternation, that doubtless Heaven had inspired him, and had made him that day a prophet rather than a preacher. He then related to them the disaster they had experienced at Ivry, and with all the force of his eloquence, burst into such pathetic exhortations, that the crowd, which at first had listened in silence and

sadness, passed from terror to enthusiasm, and showed a disposition to suffer anything for the holy cause of the Union. Another siege of Paris was imminent, and the wiser heads began to talk of conciliation; but the violent councils of Boucher, Pelletier, Aubry, Hamilton, &c., carried the day. Henri IV. established the blockade of Paris on the 8th of May, 1590, and nearly at the same time the death of the so-called Charles X. left the liguers without even the shadow of a king.

At the beginning of the siege, the ecclesiastics of Paris made a grand procession, which took place on the 3d of June. About 1300 monks, priests, and scholars, all dressed in the habits of their order, and bearing arms of different descriptions, with their robes tucked up, marched in grotesque military order through the streets of Paris, with the Pope’s legate, the bishop of Asti, (Panigerolle,) Bellarmine, (not yet a cardinal,) and Bishop Rose at their head. Even buffoonery like this was not thrown away on the excitable minds of the Parisians; and it helped to encourage them in sustaining the miseries of the siege, which were increasing daily in the total absence of supplies from without. The violence of the preachers had created a sort of terror; the man who dared to speak of peace or of surrender was pointed out as a “politic,” and instantly sacrificed; people were everywhere dying of hunger, yet they were satisfied with popish indulgences and promises of Paradise. However, as a historian of the time informs us, “the chiefs took care that the convents and presbyteries were well stored with victuals, for fear that if they felt hunger themselves, the clergy might not show so much inclination to preach patience to others.” From day to day the preachers promised relief before the end of the week; yet weeks passed, one after another, and the capital was gradually reduced to the last extremity. A few herbs boiled in water were an enviable repast—every kind of animal was eaten with avidity—then even scraps of leather boiled were sold as a dainty—a dead dog was devoured in the street without waiting to be cooked—and lastly it was proposed to make bread of dead men’s bones, taken from the church-yards, and ground to powder; and a mother ate her own infant. In the course of three months 30,000 persons died of hunger. Yet still the preachers ceased not to urge people to patience and endurance. Whole quarters of the city were deserted, and even venomous reptiles were seen in some of the unfrequented streets. The bishop of Asti said that “this was the effect of magic, and an illusion of the devil to discourage the good Catholics.” Things had proceeded to that point, that even the preachers were likely to be no longer listened to, when the Duke of Parma, who had entered France with an army of Italians, formed a junction with the Duke of Mayenne, and very opportunely raised the siege, forcing the king to remain comparatively inactive, with the exception of taking two or three provincial towns, for some months. The clamorous exultations of the preachers knew no bounds; it was a miracle from heaven, sent as a reward for their persevering constancy in the good cause, that had delivered the Parisians; and the populace in their joy forgot their past sufferings, and put more confidence than ever in their clerical leaders.

In the moment of success dissension began to show itself among the all-powerful curés of the parishes of the capital. Some leaned towards

Spain, others towards the Duke of Mayenne, and others towards the young Duke of Guise, who had escaped from his prison at Tours. The greater number wanted a popular government of their own fashion, to be composed of a certain number of theologians and bourgeois, who, to use the words of our author, "would in the first place have established their authority by proscriptions, and then strengthened it by a new Barthélemy of the moderate party." Many of them changed, according to circumstances, from one side to another, and they all joined when their own power was to be exercised or defended. During the earlier months of the year 1591, the sermons of the clergy were entirely devoted to two objects, to abuse the person of Henri IV., and to call down the vengeance of the people upon the detested "politics." The king laid siege to Chartres, the second city of the Ligue, which enjoyed the special sympathy of the Parisians, and every church in Paris immediately resounded with vows and prayers. These were interspersed with announcements of fictitious intelligence, invented for the purpose of buoying up the hopes of the faint-hearted, and conveyed in coarse terms calculated to arrest the attention of the mob. One day Commolet, preaching from the pulpit, stated (though he knew it to be false) that succors had been thrown into the besieged city; and he cried out, amid extraordinary gesticulations for which he was famous: "Va te pendre, va te pendre, va te pendre, te dy-je encore un coup, Politique! Ton Béarnois est bien peneu; il est entré du secours, malgré sa moustache et ses dents!" When the necessity of surrender could no longer be concealed, the preachers declared that the city had been sold by the "politics," (as they constantly termed the advocates of moderation,) and that the only hope remaining was that the true Catholics of Chartres might "rise up against their 'politic' fellow-citizens, and bury their daggers in their bodies." The declamations against the "politics," who were increasing in number, and consisted chiefly of the more respectable part of the community, now became perfectly fearful. Boucher, preaching Lent at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, said: "Qu'il fallait tout tuer," and that "it was quite time to put the hand to the sickle and exterminate those of the parliament and others." The Duke of Mayenne, terrified and unable to resist the blind fury of the clergy, sent letters of *cachet* to several of the magistrates, ordering them to quit Paris as a measure of precaution. The preachers, supposing it was a measure of vengeance, openly praised the duke, but at the same time they excited the populace to *continue* these insufficient proscriptions. After the surrender of Chartres, Bishop Rose declared from the pulpit that *une saignée de Saint Barthélemy* was necessary, and that they must cut the throat of the disease. Commolet declared that "the death of the 'politics' was the life of the Catholics." Aubry proclaimed, equally from the pulpit, that he was ready to march first to the slaughter. Cueilley said he wished they would lay violent hands on every one they saw laugh. And Guincestre expressed the wish that they would throw into the river all who inquired after news. These atrocities showed that the moderate party was gaining strength; but, although many were disgusted with such excesses, they were more than ever obliged to attend at the sermons, for their absence was taken as a proof of their being "politics," and

they were in danger of being marked out for murder and pillage.

The magistracy of Paris became next the object of attack, because they presented a powerful impediment to the sanguinary designs of the preachers. Boucher, Rose, and Aubry, were the most intemperate in their abuse of this body. The court of parliament acquitted a gentleman named Brigard, who held the office of *procureur du roi de l'Hôtel de Ville*, unjustly accused of treason. The preachers set up a universal cry from their pulpits that the whole court ought to be thrown into prison. Aubry went so far as to point out one of them named Tardif, who dwelt in his parish, as a traitor, and said that under pretence of playing at bowls, he held in his garden secret meetings for the subversion of their cause. Pelletier exclaimed from the pulpit, that as they could not have justice from the court, it was time to make use of their knives. The preachers and others of the council of the Union met, and chose a secret council of ten, which, after several preliminary consultations, met in the night of the 14th of November, at the house of Pelletier, who, as we have just seen, had spoken of knives, and was curé of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, and it was there resolved that the president Brisson, though a zealous liguier, with the counsellors Tardif and Larcher, should be put to death. At seven o'clock in the morning, the preachers and their satellites were up in arms, and Brisson and Larcher were seized at once, carried to the Châtelet, and there slaughtered without any form of judgment. Hamilton, the curé of St. Cosme, with a party of priests, went to the house of Tardif, and finding him ill they dragged him from his bed of sickness, carried him to the place where the others had just been killed, and hanged him without even the intervention of the ordinary executioner. The preachers then proceeded to seize upon the governing power, expelled all they disliked from their offices, and made out a list of forty-four persons to compose a *chambre ardente*, or court of inquisition, a sort of revolutionary tribunal which was to have power of life and death over the persons of the Parisians. Next, preparations were made for a general proscription; and each in his own quarter drew up lists, which they called *papiers rouges*, containing the names of all the "politics," marked with the letters C, D, or P, which signified the fate to which each was destined, *chassé*, *dagué*, or *pendu*. This horrible design was only adjoined because the Spanish and Italian troops, which formed the garrison of Paris, refused to lend their hands to it, and it was entirely quashed by the vigorous and timely interference of the Duke of Mayenne, who, hearing that the preachers were determined to brave his authority, hastened to Paris with his army, where he dissolved the council of the union, gave the municipal offices to "politics," and condemned to death nine of the council which had procured the death of Brisson. Four only were executed, and even this might have served as a salutary check upon the sanguinary disposition of the clergy, had not Mayenne relapsed almost immediately into his ordinary weakness of character. Boucher was the leader of the seditious attacks which were now made upon Mayenne from the pulpit, and by his extraordinary violence earned for himself the popular title of the King of the Ligue. The four victims of Mayenne's just anger were cried up as martyrs, and during the whole of



the year 1592, the pulpits groaned with maledictions against every authority which offered any impediment to the designs of those who had possession of them.

The preachers, mortified at the ill success of their attempt to establish a sacerdotal democracy in the place of a king, turned more and more towards the king of Spain, who coveted the throne of France for one of his own family, and who paid them liberally for their support. The period which intervened between this and the calling together of the States for the election of a king, in 1593, offers only a sickening repetition of the same scenes which we have already described. The preachers feared more and more the "politics," as the expectations of the conversion of Henri IV. to the Catholic faith became more substantial, and they were proportionately intemperate in their declamations. They had now long acted the part of masters, and they were furious at the slightest prospect of losing ground which they could only retain during the absence of a power to control them; and they had compromised themselves far too much to hope for indulgence, unless from a king who should owe his crown entirely to their efforts. In fact, they feared more from the king as a Catholic, than they did while he remained a Huguenot. Pelletier publicly excommunicated all his parishioners who should speak of peace, or of "receiving the Béarnois returning to mass;" and he declared that he would refuse Christian burial to any one who should hold the least communication, even in trade, with the "politics" "whose blood," he said, "ought to stain the pavement." Feuardent told his congregation that he was sure that Henri IV. would be struck with thunder from heaven, and that they need not be uneasy about him. Boucher said that the king's successes had been procured through magic, and when Henri was slightly wounded in the battle or skirmish of Aumale, he had the assurance to tell his hearers that "his flesh, or rather his carrion, had been entered, but not deeply, on account of the charms which had been discovered upon his person." The absurdity of accusations like these, after they had been repeated so often, gradually weakened the influence of the oratorical dictature they had so long exercised, and their sermons began evidently to have less effect. This was seen on many occasions. One day, Commelet, seeing three persons leave the church while he was preaching, cried out to the people to go after those "politics" and see who they were; a few months before, this would have been the signal for a massacre, whereas now the auditors laughed and remained in their places. Aubry declared that all the "politics" were irrevocably damned, yet he avowed with sorrow that he believed if any one would rip open many in his parish, they would "find a great Béarnois in their bellies." The same preacher, in his sermon on the ninth of August, 1592, declared that he abandoned the houses of all the "politics" in his parish to the mob for pillage; but the mob not only did not pillage them, but satirical answers to his threats were placarded on the walls. In the same manner, when he pointed to them the master of requests, Tronson and his family, then present at his sermon, as worthy to be all thrown into the river, they remained quietly in their places, and no one touched them. But it was impossible to say how long such forbearance might last; and personalities like these, which were now more common

than ever, obliged people from fear to make an outward show of zeal by being regular attendants at the sermons. The time was not yet arrived when it would be safe to offer the preachers any open resistance.

As the time fixed for the meeting of the States approached, this event, which was never very palatable to the preachers, but looked upon only as a thing which could not be avoided, added new fuel to the flame. Several of them, hitherto distinguished by their violence, began to think it safest to moderate their language; but others, as their apprehensions increased, only became the more intemperate. The doctrine of royalty set up at this time and under these circumstances, by the clergy of France, is expressed in the following words of a treatise of Pigenat: "The power of reigning, in spite of all claim of succession, comes from God, who, by the clamors of the people, declares the person who it is his will shall command as king. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*" The "clamors of the people" were at this time regulated by the voice of the preachers, who now attempted to influence the deputies by their menacing language, in the same manner that a short time before they had overawed the magistrates. Commelet, discoursing on the words of the gospel, "the boat agitated by the tempest," quoted St. Ambrose as an authority for stating that Judas was in that boat, which led him to observe, that among the deputies there was not one Judas, but twenty, nay, thirty—"you will know them by their votes!" he cried, "and now, my friends, rush boldly upon them, strangle them for me, for they are all bad." The declamations against Henri IV. continued unabated. Commelet and others celebrated anew the praises of Jacques Clement the regicide, and called aloud for some one to follow his "blessed" example, declaring that it was indifferent whether it should be a monk or a layman, for even one of the very scum of the people would in such a case be sure of Paradise. Not long after this, Pierre Barrière attempted to assassinate the king. Before he started on this mission, he went to consult the curé Aubry, who received him in the most friendly manner, embraced him, gave him to drink, and then, speaking to a Jesuit who was present with him, he said, "It would be a good deed, and without doubt he would gain a great glory in Paradise."

The venality of the preachers became more apparent as the end of their reign approached. All their chiefs received pensions from Spain, and some of them had even the effrontery to boast of it in the pulpit; but they often turned and varied, as the chances of success leaned towards this pretender or the other. M. Labitte justly observes, that "the language of the preachers responded to the vehemence and violence of ambitions. The abrupt turnings about of parties, opinions relinquished and then suddenly taken up again, the inextricable complications of intrigues, translate themselves in the pulpit. How are we to explain the useless violence of many of these paid orators? To understand the diversity of their words, would require to know the diversity of their little interests of every day. We might imagine ourselves in the clubs of 1793; we find here already the same grossness of language. When one party gains the chances, when its influence increases, it is absolved. Glory to the faction which can triumph, shame to it if it is vanquished. It is a melancholy page in the history of the French clergy,

a melancholy spectacle in the history of human morality." At the very time the States were aiming at peace, the more violent preachers still continued to urge the people to take up arms. Aubry shouted vehemently from his pulpit, "La paix! hé! pauvre peuple, pensez-y; ne l'endurons point, mes amis! plustot mourir. Prenons les armes ce sont armes de Dieu. \* \* \* \* Un bon Ligueur (et je vous déclare que je le suis et que je y marcherai le premier) vainera toujours trois et quatre politiques. \* \* \* \* Qui frappe le premier a l'avantage." Such fanatical exhortations as this still kept the populace in the interests of the clergy. On the 12th of May, 1593, the anniversary of the Barricades, when Henri III. was driven out of Paris, Boucher, preaching on the occasion, praised that day's work as *La plus belle qui fut jamais au monde*, and speaking of Henri IV. he said, "ce n'est pas à tel boueux, bon à jeter au tombereau, que le trône appartient, quoi qu'en puissent dire les larrons, paillards, et boulgres." These expressions were aimed at the deputies of the States—at the whole body of the hated and feared "politics." Aubry, on another occasion, said in his sermon, "if our princes agree to a peace, let them take care of themselves. They are but men. There are still some good friars in Paris who will fight against it, and all the good Catholics would die rather than endure it. I would let them drag me to the river and throw me in a sack into the water before I would ever consent to it. If they come to that, there will be plenty of blood shed;" he added, "we must poignard the 'politics' \* \* \* if I had as much force as I have courage, I would kill them myself \* \* \* I offer myself to be your standard-bearer \* \* \* The pope's legate has promised to die with us." Such was the language of the preachers amid the deliberations of the States, and the intrigues of the parties who hoped to influence them.

The sudden and unaccountable falling off of Bishop Rose from the interests of the King of Spain did much towards ruining the projects of that monarch, and joined with the other differences of opinion which arose in the assembly, caused it to be dissolved without coming to an election. Several of the preachers, among whom was the too celebrated Guincestre, deserted their party, and went over to Henri IV. The public announcement of Henri's conversion to the Catholic faith gave the final blow to the Ligue. But the preachers held out to the last; and the pulpits of Paris became more than ever the arena of political strife. Boucher preached a series of sermons on the *simulée conversion* of the king, which were afterwards printed and spread abroad, and were admirably well calculated to sustain the drooping hopes of his party. They consist chiefly of a mass of calumnious declamations against the king and his friends, and their aim is to prove not only his unworthiness of the throne, but the nullity of his conversion. Another intemperate priest, named Porthaise, preached against the *simulée conversion* in the church of Poitiers, and he imitated Boucher in committing his sermon to print. In other parts of the country, as at Amiens, at Lyons, at Dijon, similar doctrines were preached, and with equal violence. At the latter place, on the 20th of March, 1594, a Jesuit named Christophe having wearied his audience with his "atrocious" calumnies against the king, a peasant called out to him, that he would be better employed in preaching the gospel. This interruption was the signal

for a violent uproar, the congregation thrust the preacher out of the church, and he was only saved from worse treatment by the promise of one of the magistrates to commit him to prison. It was clear that a reaction in favor of the royalists was beginning to show itself.

As they saw the chances that Henri of Navarre would succeed to the crown become greater, the preachers began anew to talk of murder and slaughter, as the only means by which the Holy Union could be effectively supported, and as things perfectly justifiable when approved by the church. Their notions of justice were indeed sufficiently pliable, when questions arose between them and those who were not of their party. A cutler, named Gaillardin, a fanatical liguer, struck a poor cobbler with his dagger, and wounded him severely, because he had uttered some words which savored of royalism. The Jesuit Commelet, as well as the curé Garin, preached in favor of the assailant, and declared that the only thing to be regretted was, that his victim had escaped alive. When the assassin received encouragement like this, the injured man, as a matter of course, received no kind of satisfaction. The Duke of Mayenne, who was fat and somewhat indolent, disgusted with the conduct of the clergy, had complained to the pope's legate of the unbearable license of the preachers; so far from their being effectually checked, Commelin in his next sermon marked him out as an object for the knife, exclaiming, "There wants an Aod for the pig, for the effeminate man with the great belly (you understand whom I mean!)" The doctrine of canonical murder had truly made strange progress. Aubry sustained that the king's conversion was of no avail, for the pope himself could not absolve him. Cueilley declared that the pope had sworn he would never receive into the church "that goat of a Béarnois," and he asserted that there was an army of 30,000 men ready to come to the assistance of the Union. The prior of the Carmelites, Simon Fillieul, assured his audience that if the Béarnois, "had drunk all the blessed water of our lady" (!) there would still be room to doubt the sincerity of his conversion: he compared him to Judas betraying his Lord with a kiss; and said it was to be hoped that some *good lady Judith* would shortly save France by a *coup du ciel*. This was the expression which had before been applied by the preachers to the murder of Henri III. by Jacques Clement; the allusion, on the present occasion, was to attempts made by some of the more unscrupulous of their party to persuade Henri's mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, to murder her lover. At the end of August, 1598, a Jesuit in one of the pulpits of Paris, exclaimed, "It is a blasphemy to think that the pope will absolve the Béarnois; if an angel should descend from heaven and say to me, receive him, I should look upon the message with suspicion." Five months after, a monk proclaimed "that people should sharpen their poignards, for there was need of a circumcision." Indeed, they all began to be convinced that a murder only could keep Henri IV. from the throne; and in the chance that some one, excited by their clamors, would commit this murder, they placed their last hopes.

The monk Garin was now the most violent and the most indefatigable of the preachers. He was the boldest apologist of the tyrannical anarchy of the old council, which had governed in the more flourishing days of the Ligue, and in his fury

against the Duke of Mayenne, for suppressing that body, and overthrowing Boucher's project of a *chambre ardente* and its attendant proscriptions, he vomited against the general of the Ligue every description of abuse and imprecation, going so far as to say that "A spindle would be more suitable to this fat pig than a sword." Garin attacked with equal license of language the parliament and the magistrates; and there was no power now in Paris to restrain or punish him. Once, addressing the judges, he said, "He who would give you your due, would cause you all to be hanged; there is not one among you who does not well deserve it. \* \* \* You shall have the rope one of these days, and shall all be dragged to Montfaucon." When people first talked of the king's conversion, Garin made his congregation recite a prayer to God begging that he would not permit the pope to give absolution to the Béarnois. When this conversion was made public, he cried out from his pulpit, "We must not be down-hearted \* \* \* perhaps there will soon be found some honest man to kill the Béarnois. We have already been delivered once by the hand of *un pauvre petit innocent*." The sermons of Garin sometimes lasted three hours and a half. Few, comparatively, of his auditors were present at them by free choice, but they were intimidated by his tone and language, and did not yet dare to keep away.

It was evident now that Paris could not long remain in its present condition. The better classes of society, throughout the kingdom, were becoming royalists, and the clergy and the mob were left to support one another. The Duke of Nemours, governor of the city, left his post and retired into the Lyonnais, where he fell into the power of the royalists. Mayenne himself hurried to Soissons, to join the Spanish army, which was to assemble there; but before his departure, perceiving well that no legitimate and reasonable authority could at present be sustained in the capital, and that a revolutionary organization alone could there hold up the cause of the Ligue, he restored the old council of clergy and bourgeois, and Brissac, the willing slave of the preachers in all their deeds of violence, was appointed commander of the garrison of Paris. This was, in fact, leaving the preachers to take care of themselves; and when Mayenne quitted the city, on the 6th of March, 1594, they again assumed their old characters, and, finding themselves masters, appointed Boucher president of their council, who at once declared that the pope had not the power to absolve the Béarnois, and revived the courage and appetite of his brethren, by his extensive dreams of proscriptions. In Paris, the church was now literally militant. The curés Hamilton and Pelletier, not only carried large quantities of arms and munitions into their own houses, but they also placed large stores in the convent of the Cordeliers. Hamilton never went out of his house without being accompanied by a troop of rabble, who brandished their pikes and arquebusses as they went along the streets; he performed the service of the mass armed in a cuirass, and he even baptized a child in full congregation, without troubling himself to take off his armor. Garin also armed his convent, and he boasted to the populace, that he had 2000 monks under his orders. On the 10th of March, he recommended from the pulpit, that the gates of the city should be closed, and that the populace should run to their arms and slay all the "politics." The effect of this avowed project of a new St. Barthélemy was

to put the royalists on their guard. The Governor Brissac, who had ever figured among the most intemperate of his party, had many sins to pardon, and he was consulting his own interests, and providing for his own safety, by treating secretly with the king for the delivery of Paris. The preachers had some intimation or suspicion of what was going on, and they denounced him from the pulpit; which rendered it still more necessary for his safety, that he should lose no time in completing his treason. Garin again encouraged his friends to hope that some one might be induced to deliver them by a murder. On the 13th of March, he declared in a sermon, that they ought to ennoble the family of Jacques Clement, and, in alluding to the king, he made one last despairing exclamation that "they must make away with this man also; it would be a very holy, heroic, and praiseworthy deed, which would assure Paradise to the perpetrator, and would merit for him the place nearest to the person of God." Bishop Rose also acted his part to the last. On the 20th of March, he announced from the pulpit of the Church of St. André-des-Arcs, that he was going to preach a whole week "to complete the process of the Béarnois." On the morrow, the 21st of March, he began this series of sermons, in presence of the Cardinal of Plaisance, and promised to prove, in his sermon the next day, "that the Prince of Navarre was a bastard, and unworthy to succeed to the crown of France." This sermon was not preached, for in the morning (the 22d of March, 1594) Henri IV. was in possession of Paris.

It is hardly necessary for us to follow M. Labitte, in tracing the subsequent history of the various preachers who cut so melancholy a figure in the extraordinary events we have been very briefly narrating. When the king entered Paris, the inhabitants showed clearly by their joy, that latterly their submission to their masters had been only the effect of fear, and that the popularity of the turbulent clergy was at an end. The preachers were in general terror-struck; but some of the more fanatical retired in arms to the *quartier Latin*, the district of the university, and there joining with the captain of the parish of St. Jacques, an obstinate liguier, resolved to hold out to the last. Hamilton, with a pertuisane in his hand, went to assist them, but it was too late. Forty of the more violent curés, among whom was Boucher, saved themselves by accompanying the soldiers of the Spanish garrison in their retreat. Garin also attempted to make his escape with the garrison, in the disguise of a Spaniard, but not succeeding, he was found a day or two afterwards concealed in the garret of a house in the Rue St. Denis; he threw himself at the feet of the men who discovered him, begged them in the most suppliant manner not to kill him, and swore, that if need were, he was ready to preach the eulogy of the king. Henri IV. had pity on his cowardice, and merely banished him from Paris, and his name does not appear again in history. Aubry and Cueilley showed more courage, and had the audacity to preach against the king a day or two after he was master of his capital; yet the royal clemency was extended even to them, and they, with Hamilton, Rose, Pelletier, the prior of the Carmelites—Simon Fillicul, and a considerable number of others, were banished from Paris. Of most of them we hear no more—they appear to have passed their days in obscurity, perhaps in poverty. A few devoted the remainder of their lives to literary pursuits. Fil-



lieul, after a short absence, received his pardon, and returned to Paris. Pelletier showed his gratitude for the leniency he had experienced, by a farewell sermon to his parishioners, in which he praised with warmth the clemency and generosity of their king. Boucher, and some of those who escaped with the Spaniards, retired to Flanders, and there continued to publish incendiary writings against Henri IV. Boucher was subsequently made Canon of Tournay; besides a host of other pamphlets, he published, in 1595, a treatise in justification of the new attempt at regicide by Jean Châtel; he declaimed bitterly against the edict of Nantes; and continued to publish opinions long after Henri of Navarre had quitted the scene, for he died at a very advanced age, so late as 1646, fifty-five years after the entry of Henri into Paris. Rose fled from Paris to the abbey of Val de Beaumont sur Oise; but, although the king extended his generosity to him so far as to allow him to retain his bishopric of Senlis, he was perpetually involved in one seditious practice or another, and remained all his life an object of suspicion to the government. The general agitation, however, gradually subsided, and the sermons of the clergy lost their political character. But Henri never secured the attachment of the church; his moderation was not agreeable to the taste of the Catholics of that age, whose vengeance was persevering and implacable; after escaping from the murderous arm of Jean Châtel, and being exposed to several other attempts, the king fell at last, in 1611, by that of the Jesuit Ravaillac. The fanaticism of the Ligue lived only after the Ligue itself was extinct.

Such is the melancholy picture of a country conquered by its clergy; and it is no more than may at any time happen with a priesthood which lays claim to infallibility and political superiority over the laity, like that of the church of Rome. It is a history worthy of serious contemplation even in our own times. But let us not forget, above all, that our forefathers were watching with painful anxiety every phase of this, to them, fearfully tragic story. Their faith and peace were equally at stake. Spanish money was as actively employed against Elizabeth, as against Henri III. or Henri IV. The knife of the assassin had doubtless been more than once prepared for her. Hundreds of cunning Jesuits and wily preachers, educated expressly for the purpose, were sent into this country in disguise, and were busily engaged in sowing, in private, the same seditious principles. A Ligue was prepared for England, if it had succeeded in France. Let us not, then, judge too rashly the statesmen, who, in condemning Mary of Scotland, thought that the death of an ambitious woman, a Guise by her mother's blood, a ready instrument in the hands of her family, was necessary for the safety of their country. The designs in which she partook were those of the Spaniard, the pope, and the house of Lorraine; and when she manifested her zeal for the establishment of the Catholic church and the overthrow of heretics, it was to be done by means such as those employed on the continent by Spain, and the pope, and the Guises.\* It is thus that, at

\* It is somewhat singular that the Ambassador of Scotland—without doubt, Mary's old ambassador, the Bishop of Glasgow—appears as an active liguier. We learn from Lestoile that at the beginning of the siege, in 1590, he was in Paris, and he is mentioned among the *seigneurs* of the Ligue. "Le Mercredi douzieme de May, les seigneurs se rendirent chez M. le Duc de Nemours, sça-

certain periods, to understand our own history, it is necessary that we should have something more than a superficial knowledge of that of the surrounding nations.

#### THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND THE THREE THOUSAND PIECES.

AN intense commotion has been excited among the Scottish community, by the publicity given to the fact that the Deputation from the Free Church, which went over to America to promote the cause of the voluntaries and their secession, has not scrupled to solicit and receive contributions in aid of its funds from the slave-holders of America. Virtuous men of plain common sense insist that the reception of offerings from such a source was, in the first instance, thoughtless and barely pardonable—but, with a vehemence which will never abate, till the polluted tribute be disgorged, they insist, that the retention of it, after expostulation, and opportunity to weigh well the principles and consequences involved in such a procedure, is an *unmitigated abomination*. They are right—the 30 pieces of Judas Iscariot were not more polluted in their origin than the 3,000*l.* of the slave-holders—and buyers—and sellers—and scourgers—and executioners—of America. Just let Drs. Candlish and Cunningham read the account of the appalling murder, done upon the slave *Pauline*, for the crime of *ill-treating—only ill-treating—her mistress!*—or, of the *ripping open* (further south) of the victims in the Brazilian mines, to ascertain if they had swallowed any of the diamonds, and then let them, if they can, persist in their detestable casuistry and special pleadings, with which they are fain to defend the retention of the 3,000 pieces of money, coined from the blood and groans of the miserable *slave*—their brother and fellow man!—(From *Hood's Magazine*, July, 1846.)

VIEWS AND REVIEWS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, HISTORY AND FICTION. By the author of "The Yemassee."—A collection of miscellanies contributed to the American reviews and magazines, by a popular author. Though repelled from time to time, by a certain aridity of style, there is a fairness of tone in the better critical literature of America which we have always recognized as excellent;—and it characterizes these papers. A large portion of them, too, attracts us by its nationality. Mr. Simms seeks to make his countrymen American in their literature—not copyists at second-hand of the fashions of England, the follies of France, the philosophies of Germany, or the enthusiasms of Italy. In his page, they appear a grave, self-respecting people; who own a past, and a picturesque, and a poetry of their own; and have around them a life rich in character and adventure. In these days, when reverence and revival are unnaturally confounded, and imitation assumes the honors of invention—efforts like those made by Mr. Simms are too healthy, too manly, too sensible, and too poetical, (in the largest sense of the word,) not to merit praise—even though the execution fall short of the intention.—*Athenæum*.

voir, le Legat, l'Ambassadeur d'Espagne, celui d'Ecosse, le Cardinal de Gondy, l'Archevêque de Lyon, et plusieurs du corps du Parlement, délibérèrent de donner volontairement de l'argent pour payer les soldats et autres."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

## THE CADET OF COLOBRIÈRES.

IN the five successive numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," beginning on the 15th of November last, there appeared, under the title of "Le Cadet de Colobrières," the first of a promised series of tales about the old convents of Paris, from the pen of Madame Charles Reybaud. Though we are diligent, and generally prompt readers of our clever Parisian contemporary, yet it was not until a considerable time after all the five *livraisons*, containing this story, had been in our possession, that we sat down unwillingly and despondently to its perusal. Much unpleasant experience had taught us, in fact, to look with aversion on all French fictions published bit by bit in periodicals—a prejudice which those who are best acquainted with *feuilleton* literature will perhaps excuse, as one to which they would themselves have been apt to yield on a like occasion. If any of our readers have done so with regard to "Le Cadet de Colobrières," and passed unheeded that beautiful creation of a woman's genius, we entreat them to correct their mistake without delay; for an egregious mistake it certainly is to put Madame Reybaud in the same category with the very best of the *feuilletonists*. Judging her from the work before us, she is as much superior to the cleverest of them all, Dumas, as Miss Austin's novels are to Mrs. Gore's, or in other words, as the truth and simplicity of genius are to the most ingenious artifices of mere talent. Of all modern French writers Mérimée appears to us the one with whom Madame Reybaud may be best compared. Both of them are distinguished for admirable skill in the choice and coördination of their materials, and for that consummate graphic art which produces the most distinct and life-like effects within the narrowest canvass; we rest with complete satisfaction on their delineations; we feel that they are adequate and true, free from all false glare and distortion, and that there is in them not one superfluous line, not one touch but is fitly subservient to the general effect of the picture. In the use of dialogue, Madame Reybaud is scarcely equal to Mérimée, who, indeed, surpasses most writers of the age in the dramatic exposition of character, besides which his style in general is recognized by French critics as a model of purity and grace. Madame Reybaud, on the other hand, has an immense advantage over him in the depth and tenderness of her womanly feelings. The brilliant author of "Colomba," "Charles IX.," and "Carmen," seems to us to put forth his keen powers of observation simply for the pleasure of the exercise. His critical dissection of human impulses is exquisitely subtle and exact, yet there is something in the coolness of the operator, with which in secret we are not quite content. Such masterly knowledge of his subject, combined with so much apparent indifference to it, except as a matter of curiosity, affects us with a disagreeable sense of irony; and while we admire, our hearts do not warm towards the shrewd, cold observer of the passions, frailties, follies, and sufferings of his fellow-men. An impression directly the reverse of this results from the perusal of the "Cadet of Colobrières," a work which in every line bears token that it is the offspring of a spirit as quick and genial in its sympathies, as in judgment it is calm, large, and discerning.

Instead of laying before our readers the mere

dry bones of the story, in the way of an epitome, we think it better to give them a specimen of its general tone in one long unbroken extract. Fortunately we find one exactly suited to our purpose in the very beginning of the tale, which contains not only the germ of all the rest, but likewise an episode complete within itself, and of singular beauty:—

"A short league from the French frontier, on the high-road to Italy, and near the point where the Var divides Provence from the county of Nice, are seen the ruins of an old castle, surrounded by a landscape of stern and rugged aspect. The façade is yet standing, and seems as if backed against the deep blue sky that shines through its large windows. A massive tower, of more ancient architecture than the rest of the building, rises above the other remains; and from its embattled summit, which time has but slightly breached, protrudes a blackish point, not unlike an ordinary lightning conductor; this is the iron socket of the flag-staff that formerly sustained the seigniorial banner. The hill, crowned by these ruins, is scantily clad with an aromatic vegetation that would gladden the heart of a botanist; for the rare species of plants, whose drowsy odors the wind often spreads over the whole country-side and for many leagues out to sea, thrive well on the rocky soil that would not nurture a grain of wheat.

"It is now some three quarters of a century since this castle and the lands around it belonged to a worthy nobleman, the Baron de Colobrières, descended on the female side from an old Italian house that reckoned in its genealogy twenty cardinals and one pope. His paternal ancestry was not less illustrious, and went back to what might be called the fabulous ages of Provençal aristocracy. Notwithstanding this high descent, Baron Mathieu de Colobrières was anything but an opulent lord. His armorial bearings were a thistle, vert, springing from a tower, fenestrate and masoned, sables—a truly expressive cognizance, for the sterility of the baronial lands was proverbial, and it was a common saying in the country, 'Colobrières' husbandry, sheaves of thistles and fields of stones.' The baron's ancestors having, by little and little, bartered away all their seigniorial rights, there remained to their descendant nothing but the manor and the adjacent lands, which yielded an exceedingly slender revenue. There was not one among the clowns, who doffed their hats as they passed the lordly escutcheon carved above the castle-gate, who would have consented to farm the barony.

"The poor lord of Colobrières had espoused a young lady as noble, and still poorer than himself, who brought him for her whole fortune some hundred crowns' worth of jewels and trinkets. Heaven superabundantly blessed their union. Fourteen children issued from it, and waxed in stature and comeliness almost by the bounty of the sky alone, like the wild plants of their rocky domain. The revenues of the fief of Colobrières barely provided the family's daily bread; for everything else they had to make up by dint of industry and frugality. The baroness had never had any newer gown than her bridal robe, but dressed herself and her children in garments made out of the antique bed-furniture of the castle. The hereditary tapestries were converted to the young gentlemen's use; and the young ladies wore, in the shape of petticoats and bodices, the curtains embroidered by ancestral hands.

"The castle of Colobrières was like a hive that every year threw off the swarms it could no longer feed or shelter. As the elder children grew up, they departed successively to seek their sustenance elsewhere. The baron was too thoroughly penetrated with a sense of what was due to his rank, to suffer any of his children to derogate from their birth. Notwithstanding the penury to which they were reduced, not one of them forgot what be-seemed his blood: seven sons became monks, or entered the king's service, and five daughters put on the robe of the order of Notre Dame de la Misericorde, into which young ladies of quality were received without dowery. Of so numerous a progeny there at last remained in the castle only the two youngest, a son and a daughter, whom the baron used to call with a sigh the props of his age.

"Gaston de Colobrières, or, as he was called by the people of the country, the cadet of Colobrières, was a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, an intrepid sportsman, high-spirited, but shy withal, so that he would look another way if he chanced to meet a country-girl on his path. This rustic Hippolytus was continually roaming, with his gun on his shoulder, over the lands of the barony, which were fertile only in game. In this way he turned the estate to the best account, for were it not for the game he brought home every day, the inhabitants of the castle would have been reduced almost to dry bread for their four meals.

"The baron's youngest daughter, Mademoiselle Anastasie, was a handsome brunette, with a pale and pensive cast of countenance. She had magnificent black hair, and eyes whose dark pupils shone with a changeful light through their long fringes. Her hands were small and delicate; and teeth of pearly lustre were seen with the least smile that parted her rosy lips. And yet it had never entered the head of any one in her little world to think her pretty. On Sunday, when she went to hear mass in a neighboring village, the bumpkins used to look at her as she passed without the least admiration. Her father, indeed, admitted that she had about her a certain air that betokened the young lady of quality; but her mother remarked with sorrow the pale gipsy complexion that tarnished her, as it were, and would rather have seen her cheeks glowing with red and white. She herself had no suspicion of her own beauty, and had never been instigated by her mirror to harbor the least thought of pride or coquetry.

"The life led in the castle of Colobrières was one of the narrowest and most monotonous routine. The gentry of the neighborhood did not seek the society of the baron, who, for his part, had no wish that they should be witnesses of his proud poverty; and the only intercourse kept up by the family consisted in the weekly visits of a good priest, who had been for thirty years curé of a village not far from Colobrières. Of yore the lords of Colobrières had had pages and squires, and there was even among the apartments in the castle one which was still called the hall of the guards; but in the period of its decay, of which we are here speaking, the whole retinue consisted of an old laquais, who entirely neglected the duties of the pantry and the ante-chamber to devote himself to the culture of the kitchen-garden, and of a servant-girl, named Madeleine Panozon, and surnamed La Rousse, whose business would have been light enough, if

it embraced only the cooking department in the mansion of M. le Baron; but, besides this, the stout girl did all the work of the household, and assisted Madame la Baronne to spin the thread for the family linen.

"The architecture of the château de Colobrières belonged to various periods. The large tower that formed, as it were, the nucleus of the whole, was in the Roman style, massive, square, and with circularly arched openings; the buildings round it dated from the *renaissance*. A Colobrières, captain of a company of adventurers, having served with success in the great Italian wars, and been present at the sack of Rome, returned home from his campaigns with a large booty. He renovated his ancestral manor, held high court in it with a number of boon companions, and died, bequeathing to his heirs nothing but the handsome mansion he had erected, and its valuable pictures and furniture. At the period of our story, the modern structures round the old keep were already greatly dilapidated; the furniture was sadly worn, and had, in a great measure, disappeared in passing through the hands of five or six generations; and there actually remained of the antique splendor of the Colobrières only a few waifs and strays, now looked on as relics, such as a trunk inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, in which the baron kept his archives, a clock with musical bells, and six silver spoons and forks engraved with the Colobrières arms. No repairs had been made for some fifty years in the roof or in the outer wood-work; so that the windows were for the most part unglazed and without shutters, and the rain had rotted the floors. The rooms on the first floor were no longer inhabitable, and the family resided in the arched rooms of the ground-floor, the temperature of which was nearly that of a cellar, warm in winter, and cool in the height of summer.

"The chapel was in a state of utter dilapidation, and for many a year the Colobrières family had gone to a neighboring village to hear mass. This was a great mortification to the baroness, who had never indulged more than one ambitious dream in her life, viz., that of possessing some fifty crowns with which she might repair the chapel, and have mass celebrated in it on Sundays and holidays by some Minorite friar, whom she would afterwards invite to dinner; but there was no likelihood that the baron's finances could ever suffice for such an outlay, and the good lady submitted with as much resignation as she could to this hard privation. Every Sunday, whether it rained or shone, the family set out on foot in a certain costume that varied little with the change of seasons. The baron wore an old reddish-brown coat, still decent, but bearing proofs of its long service in the equivocal lustre of the seams. His stockings of rockspun silk, drawn without a wrinkle over a leg that must once have been shapely enough, descended into large shoes with buckles, and his napless three-cornered hat greatly needed to be handled with extreme caution. Madame de Colobrières accompanied him in a skirt of gros-de-Tour, somewhat faded, with a taffety mantle that dated from her marriage. Their children had no other adornment than their good looks. The young man wore a serge-coat, and a coarse felt hat like the peasants; the young lady had a brown cotton frock, a kerchief of sprigged muslin, and a little hat set on the crown of her head, and under which her hair was



gathered back from her face. The only change made at long intervals in this costume was, that the hat had sometimes a new riband. Hard as it must have been to feel the constant pinching of such narrow means—a hundred times more difficult to endure than naked and avowed poverty—still a sort of permanent serenity prevailed in the Colobrières family, and their mutual concord was never disturbed. The young people especially led a life unruffled by vain longings and anxious forethought, contenting themselves with the little they had, and never repining over the decay of their fortune and their house.

“One Whitmonday, after mass, whilst the baroness and her children were returning to the castle, the baron loitered awhile in the village market-place, where some itinerant merchants had set up their booths. It was the grand holiday time of that part of the country, and the merchants were doing a brisk business with their latten rings, pinchbeck crosses, and glass chaplets. The baron bought an ell of riband for his daughter, cheapened a *chifarecani* gown, sighed, and did not buy it. After dinner that day he did not leave the table immediately, as was his custom, to take his siesta, but remained in his chair, leaning back with his eyes fixed in deep reflection. Gaston and his sister had stolen out noiselessly, thinking that their parents were dozing on either side of the table.

“Instead of sleeping the baron was half-whistling between his teeth, which in him was a token of deep cogitation, and tapping alternately his plate and his empty glass. The baroness soon yielded to the influence of this music; her eyes closed, and she fell asleep in the effort to guess what it could be that her husband was thinking of so intensely. After half an hour’s silence the baron heaved an explosive sigh, looked up at the ceiling, and said,

“‘I heard news to-day of Agathe de Colobrières.’

“‘Eh—what—I beg your pardon: did you speak?’ ejaculated the baroness jumping up in her chair, and staring at her husband in bewildered surprise.

“‘I say,’ replied the baron, coldly, ‘that a pedlar in the fair told me news of Agathe de Colobrières.’

“‘Holy Virgin! and what did he tell you?’

“‘Things I was far from expecting, certainly. Agathe has had more good luck than she deserved. In the first place that man, her husband, that Maragnon is dead.’

“‘The old lady crossed herself.’

“‘Next,’ continued the baron, ‘he has left a very large fortune.’

“‘Are there children?’ inquired the baroness, trembling with emotion.

“‘There have been several; but of all that hopeful lineage of the Maragnons there remains but one girl.’

“‘And the merchant that told you this saw Agathe, perhaps?’

“‘He did; and she told him that if she dared she would send her compliments to me.’

“‘Poor woman!’ murmured Madame de Colobrières.

“‘Send me her compliments, indeed; I would not have received them!’ cried the baron, striking the table with his fist. ‘Wretch that she is! she dares still to utter the name of Colobrières! She! Madame Maragnon!’

“‘She thinks of us! She loves us still,’ murmured the baroness.

“‘What does that matter to you, madam?’ replied the baron, indignantly. ‘What is there in common at present between us and that woman! I am really vexed with myself that I mentioned the subject to you.’

“With these words he rose and hurried from the room as if to cut short the conversation. The baroness remained alone in deep thought. For thirty years the name of Agathe de Colobrières had not been breathed in her presence. It was forbidden to speak of her in that castle where she was born, and neither Gaston nor his young sister was aware even of her existence. And yet she was near akin to them; she was the Baron de Colobrières’ own sister—his only sister.

“Thirty years before, Mademoiselle de Colobrières was residing in the paternal mansion, which she had never quitted. She was approaching the mature age of maidenhood. She was no longer a delicate bud sheltering timidly beneath the foliage, but a splendid, full-blown rose, whose fragrant petals would be scattered by the first breath of wind. This beautiful girl belonged to a house too poor, too noble, and too proud to make it feasible, even in thought, to find a husband for her. It was decided that she should enter a convent; but as she had no vocation for the monastic life, she temporized and remained in the castle even after the death of her parents and her brother’s marriage.

“Still it was a settled thing that she was to be a nun, and she never conceived the thought of saying no, perhaps because she could see no chance of escaping her lot; only she would fall at times into fits of deep dejection, and weep in the baroness’ presence without ever divulging the cause of her tears. The family was augmenting every year. The castellan of Colobrières had already six children, and poor Agathe felt plainly she must depart and make room for those little ones. Neither the baron nor his wife pressed her to fulfil her resolution; but her entrance into the convent was considered as near at hand, and was talked of every day.

“While things were in this state, it happened that some itinerant merchants presented themselves one evening at the gate of the castle. The weather was frightful; the rain, which had fallen in torrents, had broken up the roads, and the poor travellers could not reach the village, where they would have found shelter and a place to lie down. The baron generously opened his door to them, which was really all the kindness he was able to bestow upon them. They took up their quarters in an empty hall not far from the stable, where they sheltered their baggage mules, and made their arrangements for passing the night there. The baroness had seen their arrival from her window, and said soon after to her sister-in-law:

“‘I should like to lay out five or six francs with these merchants. The children’s things are made up for the season; but you and I—it is mortifying to be obliged to go to mass with our plain hats and our *fichus de lisard*. You in particular, my dear, are sadly in want of a new kerchief.’

“‘What would be the good of it, sister?’ replied Mademoiselle de Colobrières with a sigh, ‘I should not have long to wear it; I shall soon have no more need of such things.’

“‘Never mind,’ said the baroness; and casting

a stealthy glance at her husband, who was dozing at the table with his nose on an old book of noble families of which he every evening read a few lines, she added in a lower tone, 'I have saved a few fifteen sous pieces, and will put them into your hands; but be sure your brother does not know anything of the matter. By and by, when we are gone to our bed-room, do you go to these merchants and buy what you think best.'

"So saying she went to the cupboard in which she kept her most valuable hoards, fetched from it a rather limp-looking little purse of leather, and gave it to Mademoiselle de Colobrières.

"There are six livres fifteen sous in it,' she said. 'Mind you go cleverly to work with these people. Besides your kerchief and our ribands try to get two ells of Italian gauze, to make us *capelines*, and some green taffety to cover our parasols. You will very likely have to do with Jews, so be on your guard. In short, I rely on you to lay out the money discreetly.'

"Make your mind easy, sister,' said Agathe, taking the purse with a faint smile. 'Look, there's my brother opening his eyes and turning over a page of his book; take him away if you wish me to go quickly and make your purchases.'

"The baron and his wife soon retired to their large chamber, the broken windows of which let in a sharp little breeze that put out the lights. Mademoiselle de Colobrières likewise withdrew to her little bedroom. It lay at the extremity of a suite of very large rooms, and had formerly been the oratory of the ladies of the castle. The ceiling was adorned with cherubims' heads encompassed with garlands, and with their outspread wings meeting one another, and the shield, with the thistle, vert, springing from a tower, masoned, sable, figured proudly in every direction. A cross of exquisite workmanship, but with its delicate inlaying much impaired, was fixed over a worm-eaten prayer-desk, from the angles of which protruded broken-nosed visages of saints. The scanty bed, laid on tressels, and covered with a huge counterpane of faded silk, stood opposite a table, the only drawer of which contained all the worldly possessions of Agathe de Colobrières, that is to say, her slender ward-robe, some devotional books, and a little enamelled gold cross that had been her mother's. The poor young lady had hardly ever in her life handled coined metal, and she could not have added a farthing to the store amassed by the baroness. As she entered the room she threw the purse on the table, sat down pensively, and thought of all things that money procures, and of the omnipotence of that vile and precious form of matter. For her, money was the realization of all her longings and her chimeras; it was happiness, liberty! She took up the purse and shook it, whispering to herself with a long-drawn sigh, 'If I had twenty or thirty thousand of these little pieces how happy should all be here! I would have the castle repaired; we should all have new dresses every season. The store-rooms should be well stocked—there should never be any uneasy thought for the morrow; there would be something to give to the poor, and I should not enter the convent. But I have nothing—nothing—and I cannot work to earn my bread. I must go where the good God in his mercy will provide me with food and raiment.'

"She opened the purse and turned out its contents on her palm; then after looking on them for a moment she closed her hand upon the coin, and

said bitterly, 'What is this in comparison with the wants of this house? It is a drop of water on a burnt soil. If this money were mine I would not spend it, but cast it to the first poor creature that stopped at the castle gate.' The clock struck nine at this moment, Agathe thought it was time to discharge her commission. Too proud and well bred to think even for a moment of going down alone to the itinerant merchants, she went into the children's room, and gently wakened the eldest girl, who was her god-daughter and her favorite. The little girl was soon ready; her aunt took her by the hand, and both went away together with noiseless steps.

"The hall in which the merchants were quartered was a very large room, that still retained some traces of its original state. Many a gay and splendid banquet it had doubtless witnessed of yore; here and there on the panels was still to be seen a cornucopiæ entwined with garlands of roses; and heads of satyrs, laughing from ear to ear, projected from each corner of the tall chimney-piece, the casing of which was adorned with a figure of Bacchus, sculptured in high relief, and surrounded by all the attributes of the jolly god. But all trace of furniture had vanished from this banquet hall, where no revels had been held for more than a century; the carpets had given place to the green moss, that invested the marble slabs of the floor, and spiders had woven filmy curtains before the half-broken windows. The temporary occupants of this dismantled hall had arranged themselves in it with the peculiar adroitness of men accustomed to long travelling and scant accommodation. They had contrived to make an extemporaneous suite of furniture out of their goods; two chests, placed together and covered with a green cloth, served for a table: some bales did service for chairs, and a tolerable light was afforded by one of those large canvass lanterns which wagoners hang by night from the pole of the wagon.

"Agathe de Colobrières tapped at the door, and entered, holding her niece with one hand, whilst the other was plunged into the depths of the pocket in which she carried the baroness' savings. Had she been about to present herself thus far before persons of her own quality, she would have experienced an insurmountable embarrassment, and would have been very awkward and confused; but she felt no difficulty in accosting these low people; and slightly bending her head she said merely, 'Good evening. May I trouble you to let me see your goods?'

"The itinerant merchant rose from his seat in some surprise at the appearance of the handsome young lady, who had paused in the middle of the room, and stood waiting with an air of quiet self-possession and modest dignity until he should display his stock. Though dressed in a shabby drug-get gown she had the bearing of a princess, and the pride of her race was legible on her broad open front. The merchant bowed respectfully, and said, as he pushed forward one of the bales that served instead of chairs, 'Be pleased to take a seat, madame. Had you sent for me I should have obeyed your orders. I will instantly unpack the laces and silks, the best things in my assortment.'—'Show me your kerchiefs and ribands,' said Agathe, seating herself and taking the child on her lap, who was beginning to gaze curiously around her. Mademoiselle de Colobrières herself, too, began to observe with some surprise the various

objects in the room. The bales of merchandise were regularly piled up at one end, and behind the screen made by them, lay the sleeping figure of a man rolled up in his travelling cloak. His silver spurs shone in the faint light, and his gun rested against the wall within reach of his hand. This measure of precaution was probably occasioned by the bad state of the locks and the fastenings in the castle, and by the important amount of specie and negotiable paper in a valise that stood on the table. The merchant had, apparently, been arranging his accounts at the moment that Agathe entered. A morocco leather portfolio, the pages of which were full of figures, lay open beside the valise, and from the latter there had escaped handfuls of six-livre pieces mingled with louis d'or. The owner of this wealth was a man still young and of pleasing appearance; he did not appear superior to his condition in language and manners, but there was a certain intelligence and decision in his countenance that stood him instead of high breeding. With an indifferent air he thrust back into the valise all that fine coin, the sight of which astonished Agathe, and began to unfold his handkerchiefs and ribands. Never had Mademoiselle Colobrières seen such magnificent fabrics; there were Smyrna crapes, and Indian satins brocaded with flowers, butterflies and birds, and ribands of all colors interwoven with gold and silver. The little girl cried out in ecstasy at the sight of all these fine things; while Agathe looked on them in silence with a bewildered eye, and was rather embarrassed how to declare that they were all too handsome for her. The merchant apparently did not guess the cause of her hesitation, for he said, pushing aside the boxes he had opened, "I think I can show you something still better."

"Pray do not trouble yourself to search further," said Agathe, with a sigh, as she took out her little purse; "I only want a very plain handkerchief; something simple and cheap. All these things are too elegant."

"Pardon me, madame la baronne, nothing can be elegant enough for you," replied the merchant politely.

"I am not Madame Colobrières," said Agathe, blushing, "I am her sister-in-law. It would not be becoming for a young lady to wear such sumptuous things."

"Oh, do, do, aunt, dress yourself out fine for once!" exclaimed the child; "you have never done so, nor we either."

"People who live all the year round in the country have no need of so much dress," interposed Mademoiselle de Colobrières, hastily, in hopes to put a stop to the child's prattle; but the little creature was too much excited by the splendid things the merchant continued to place before her, and she went on with unchecked volubility:

"But indeed, indeed we ought to buy all these things, and then Nanon, the exciseman's daughter, would not give herself such airs at mass when she struts before our bench with her gingham frock and her *coiffe à papillon*. We should have new clothes like her, instead of being obliged to mend our Sunday clothes every Saturday."

Agathe colored deeply, and with much confusion of manner rebuked the little girl's loquacity; but almost instantly overcoming the natural weakness of her pride, she put aside the glistening silks with one hand, and with the other she laid her light purse on the table, saying in a tone of

melancholy dignity: "We are not rich; here is all I can lay out with you at present."

"Never mind, mademoiselle," was the merchant's eager reply; "do me the honor to choose whatever you may please to require; you will pay me another time."

Agathe shook her head; but the merchant persisted: "You can discharge this little debt in a year, if convenient to you, mademoiselle: I shall be here again by that time."

"When that time comes I shall not be here," said Mademoiselle de Colobrières, sadly. "No finery is needed where I am going, but a black woollen gown to be worn all the year, and a veil that is never changed."

"You are going into a convent, mademoiselle?" said the merchant with a guarded expression of surprise and interest.

"Yes, ere long; and really," she continued in the same sad and resigned tone, "I have no need of such things as you have shown me. Oblige me by letting me see the plainest goods you have."

The merchant went to a bale at the end of the room to comply with her wishes, and while he was unpacking it, Agathe amused herself with looking over the goods strewed before her. Among them lay a portfolio of tolerably good engravings, which she began to examine with some curiosity. Most of them represented polite pastoral scenes, in which plump cupids and enamored deities sported with dainty shepherdesses and innocent swains bedizened with pink ribands; but among these idyllic compositions there was one that made a deep impression on Mademoiselle de Colobrières. The artist, seized with a tragic inspiration, had depicted a scene of monastic life in all its horrors. In a damp vault, scarcely lighted by an expiring lamp, a nun lay stretched on her bed of straw. She was dying immured in the *in pace*, and her wasted hands and dim eyes were raised to heaven with an indescribable expression. Like the prophet king she seemed crying out from those depths in a hopeless appeal to the divine mercy.

Agathe gazed in dismay on this dismal image. All the latent repugnance of her soul for the monastic life, all her loathing for the vows she was about to pronounce, were suddenly and violently aroused; she let the engraving fall on her lap and burst into tears. Just at that moment the merchant came back from the other end of the room. A glance at the engraving explained to him the cause of this outbreak of grief, and he said with evident emotion, "You are going into a convent, mademoiselle? It is a terrible step, if you are not led to it by a strong vocation. Pardon me if I venture to offer an opinion on what concerns you, but I cannot help thinking you will commit a crime against yourself in thus entering the grave alive. The time will come, perhaps, when you will bitterly regret such a step."

"Regret it! I do so already!" cried Mademoiselle de Colobrières, whose long pent feelings now broke forth uncontrollably; "I loathe a convent life, and look forward with dread to the future; but I must submit to my fate."

"You have a father or a mother who insists on this sacrifice?"

"No, my parents are dead."

"Indeed? Then who constrains you?"

"Necessity," replied Agathe bitterly. "A nunnery is the only asylum on earth for a poor maiden of noble blood, and in such an asylum most of the females of our family have been immured in



the prime of life. It has long been the custom of the Colobrières to sacrifice us thus, since their fortune has ceased to be adequate to the maintenance of their rank. Oh, why does not God, to whom we are devoted in spite of ourselves, why does he not take us from the cradle, when our innocent hearts are as yet bound by no ties to this world?

"Whilst Agathe spoke thus, looking up to heaven with her beautiful eyes filled with tears, the merchant gazed on her with a singular expression of countenance. The man was really superior to his vulgar condition; his was one of those prompt and decisive natures, which by dint of resolute will and daring shrewdness, carry themselves triumphantly through the most difficult circumstances. Such were the qualities to which Pierre Maragnon already owed a fortune acquired in hazardous speculations. As he gazed on the beautiful and high-born lady who now bent her tearful eyes to the ground, and seemed abashed at having suffered a stranger to be the witness of her unguarded emotion and the confidant of her secret sorrows, Pierre Maragnon felt the moment might be decisive of the future destiny of them both. A thought, extravagant almost to wildness, flashed upon his mind. With the same quick tact that he exercised in all his dealings, he calculated the chances of the matter before him; they appeared favorable, and he dared to conceive a hope, a project; viz., that he would carry off Mademoiselle de Colobrières, and marry her, he Pierre Maragnon! To any one who could have seen into the mind of Agathe at that moment, such an idea would have seemed the height of presumption and folly. The poor young lady did not even take any notice of him who was gazing with such deep scrutiny upon her beautiful downcast countenance. In the eyes of the indigent daughter of the barons of Colobrières, a merchant, a *roturier*, was not a man; and the good will with which she deigned to regard Pierre Maragnon was of a kind, perhaps, more mortifying to its object than would have been mere indifference. The first necessary step was to bring down that instinctive pride of hers, and annihilate her inveterate prejudice by a direct and undisguised attack; and this Pierre Maragnon resolved to do, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of Agathe upon the first word he uttered.

"You will think me very forward, mademoiselle," he said, in a grave, respectful tone; "but as I have spoken my mind as to your situation, I think it my duty also to give you this advice. Make up your mind to endure anything rather than enter a convent. You cannot remain with your family; they are too poor to keep you; well, then, leave them and go live elsewhere. Work, if it be necessary: it is neither a disgrace, nor even a misfortune. Is not constant toil, with freedom, better than a life of sloth, cloistered within four walls, whence you can never come out, alive or dead?"

"That is true," replied Mademoiselle de Colobrières, surprised, but not offended at such language. "If I could only renounce my nobility and my name, my course would be taken to-morrow—at once. I would go and live no matter where, by the labor of my hands, rather than become a nun!"

"And what prevents you, mademoiselle?" said Pierre Maragnon, boldly. "It needs only a slight effort of courage, and you may descend from that rank which imposes so terrible a sacrifice upon

you, and become a *petite bourgeoisie*. You have no other refuge than the convent, because you are too poor to marry a man of your own quality; but a *roturier* would think himself fortunate to wed you without a dowry."

"A man of no birth would never dare to ask me in marriage," replied Agathe, naïvely.

"The situation in which you are placed may prompt some one to make so bold," said the merchant in a tone of peculiar meaning, and looking her steadily in the face.

"She understood him. The blood rushed into her cheeks: her eyes flashed with pride, perhaps with indignation; but this involuntary movement of the blood subsided immediately; she made no answer, and remained thoughtful. Pierre Maragnon deemed his triumph certain when he saw her ponder thus. Concealing his joy, and the very strong feeling that was already taking possession of his soul, he began again to descant on the fate of those who become nuns without any special vocation. Though his youth and his good looks might have inspired him with a certain degree of confidence, he had the good sense not to make trial of any vulgar means of seduction; he said not a word of what was passing in his heart, but keeping within due control the admiration, mingled with respect and tenderness, with which the beauty of Agathe had at once impressed him, he applied himself to discussing the possibility of a marriage between a wealthy *roturier* and the descendant of an illustrious and utterly ruined family. He set forth his own position in precise terms; it was prosperous. An orphan from his childhood, he owed to his own active exertions a fortune ten times the fee-simple value of the castle and estates of Colobrières. Agathe hearkened, confused, and tempted, not by her heart, but by her reason, which told her that after all it would be better to become the wife of a merchant, than to be shut up for the rest of her days in a nunnery.

"The little girl had fallen asleep on the lap of her young aunt. All was hushed in the old manor. The castellan of Colobrières, far from suspecting the affront with which he was threatened, was fast asleep beside his wife, and dreamed of finding under the head of his bed a fine bag of crowns, with which he had the castle repaired, and bought himself a new coat. Mademoiselle de Colobrières and Pierre Maragnon had full leisure to confer together, and when the clock struck midnight, their interview was not yet ended. Agathe nevertheless had not made up her mind. The longer she reflected, the more she felt the importance of the consent or refusal she was about to pronounce. Pale, oppressed, and trembling, she kept silence, or replied only in monosyllables mingled with sighs, to the pressing arguments with which Pierre Maragnon strove to fix her wavering purpose. But in the course of this long conference he had made immense progress. Mademoiselle de Colobrières was insensibly coming to treat him as an equal, and more than once she called him monsieur. At last, unable as yet to decide, she said:

"In the perturbation into which all this has thrown me, monsieur, I cannot come to any decision. I want to be alone, to collect my thoughts, and pray to God before I give you an answer. It is now late in the night, and you go away in the morning: well then, as soon as the first streak of dawn appears yonder, behind the hills, my resolu-

tion will have been taken. If I do not return to meet you, quit this castle immediately, for I shall have resigned myself to my lot.'

"She rose, and Pierre Maragnon replied submissively, but with deep feeling, 'Your weal or woe are in your own hands, mademoiselle; may Heaven inspire you, and bring you hither again to-morrow morning.'

"Agathe took the sleeping child in her arms and slowly left the room. She had to traverse part of the castle to reach her chamber. The silence of night, and the pale moonbeams falling on the disjointed floors, imparted to those vast and long uninhabited halls a sad and desolate aspect that sank with a chill weight on her spirits. She gazed long around her, as if to confirm to herself the total ruin of her house, and passed onwards, pondering on the haughty penury of her family, and the painful contrast between such pinching indigence and the high nobility of descent, which was her sole and woful dower. On entering her little chamber, she laid the child on the bed, and sat down pensively before the prayer-desk. Her lamp, which she had left burning, shed but a flickering light on the blackened wood carvings that projected from the sombre face of the walls. The ticking of the invisible death-watch was heard loudly amid the deep stillness, as the creature pursued its slow work of destruction on the elaborately sculptured oak and walnut. Other slight sounds occasionally interrupted the noise made by the insect, as the hungry mice, running about behind the wainscot, brought down the damp crumbling mortar of the old walls. It was near the end of October; the approach of winter already made itself felt, and as the night advanced, a chiller air entered through the dilapidated windows, and made Agathe shiver. The poor girl had sunk on her knees and wished to pray; but whilst her heart sought to lift itself up towards God, her mind was lost in an endless maze of thought. Like all persons who are hurried along by no passion or intense feeling, she vacillated in fear and doubt between the two alternatives before her, and dreaded that whatever her choice might be she should repent of it on the morrow. Had she found more sympathy and tenderness in those around her, family affection would have prevailed in that hour of crisis, and she would have bethought her of the affliction and shame which a *mésalliance* would cast on her house. But the baron took no great interest in her fate, all his stock of affectionate feelings being engrossed by the little prattlers whose numbers grew with every year. When all his pretty brood was gambolling about him, he used to fall into a reverie, like the woodman in the tale of Little Poucet, and calculate how much more easily he should rear his bantlings when he should have got rid of poor Agathe. The baroness was a good soul, but her distressed condition rendered her selfish, and forced her upon a system of ways and means, which, in any one of a less kindly nature, would have degenerated into sordid scheming. Mademoiselle de Colobrières plainly felt all this, and it was this humiliating and painful certainty, that made her contemplate without dread the rage and indignation of her kindred, when they should have received the astounding intelligence of her marriage. Still, however, she wavered; and as often happens in the most important circumstances of life, it was a trifling incident that fixed her decision. Whilst she was immersed in her distracting thoughts, and was observing with alarm the faint twilight that already began to steal

upon the horizon, the child moved uneasily on the bed and sighed in some unpleasant dream. Agathe went to her, raised her gently on the pillow, and kissed her soft cheeks, bathing them with tears. This woke the child, who instinctively put her arm round her aunt's neck, muttering, 'Show me all you bought last night of the merchant, aunt.'

"'I did not buy anything,' said Agathe. 'Come, my dear, go to sleep. Or shall I take you back to the other room, to your brothers and sisters?'

"'No, I will stay where I am,' said the child, looking round her; 'mamma promised me this room should be mine, because I am the eldest.'

"'Ha! and she told you you should have it soon?'

"'Immediately, when you are gone to the nunnery,' said the child, with the naïf selfishness which children carry into all their little schemes.

"'To the nunnery!—I will not go!—and I leave you my chamber, Euphémie,' said Mademoiselle de Colobrières, starting up.

"The child sank back on the pillow and was asleep again in a moment. Agathe took from the drawer, that contained her all, her little enamelled cross and her prayer book, opened her door softly, traversed the castle with firm and rapid steps, and went down into the courtyard. Pierre Maragnon had been waiting since the first glimpse of daybreak with his eyes bent on the great door. Doubtless he had trembled in his soul at the thought that it would not open again, for his pale and haggard looks told of an anxious night. At the sight of Mademoiselle de Colobrières he grew still paler, and then the blood rushed from his heart to his head with a revulsion of pride and joy; but instantly overcoming his violent emotion he advanced and said quietly with as much respect as though he were addressing a queen, 'Mademoiselle, we are just about to start if you please; in four hours you will be in Antibes, and you will then let me know your further commands.'

"'I am ready, monsieur,' said Agathe, in a low voice, modestly but firmly; 'but instead of going direct to Antibes, we must pass through the village of St. Peyre, and stop there an hour.'

"The mules were already laden, and the two men who had charge of them had drawn them up in line outside the castle yard. A tall young man, the same whom Agathe had seen asleep, with his gun in reach of his hand, on the preceding evening, was in the saddle keeping discreetly out of earshot; his likeness to Pierre Maragnon told plainly that they were of the same blood and bore the same name. At a sign from the merchant the little caravan began to march. Agathe was still in the hall, looking at a heap of silks, laces, and other goods, neatly arranged on the sill in the deep recess of a window. Over all these fine things, and placed in a manner to strike the eye at once, was a paper, on which was written: From Mademoiselle de Colobrières. The little purse containing the six livres fifteen sous, the baroness' savings, lay under the paper. 'It is your wedding present, mademoiselle; I have taken the liberty of making it in your name,' said the merchant.

"'The poor children will have new clothes for once in their lives!' murmured Agathe, thanking Pierre Maragnon with a look. Then she said, hurriedly, 'Let us begone.'

"The merchant led up his saddle horse, a powerful animal, fit to carry the four sons of Aymon,

placed Mademoiselle Colobrières on the croupe, mounted, and set off at a round trot. The caravan was already out of sight beyond a turn of the road, but the tramp of the mules and the tinkling of their bells were audible.

"When they reached the foot of the hill, and before they entered the tortuous road leading away from Colobrières, Agathe turned back and looked her last on the castle of her fathers. It was a look full of sorrow and fondness that poignantly bespoke all the feelings of her soul. 'Farewell!' she mentally ejaculated, 'farewell, noble abode, whence poverty expels me! Had I been allowed to pass my cheerless existence within the shelter of those ruined walls—had I been left a little place by my father's hearth, and a right to sit at the scanty table where I should not, perhaps, have always found my daily bread, I would not have forsaken my family and renounced my name.'

"Her tears flowed silently as she thought thus; she wiped them away with one hand, whilst the other instinctively clung to Pierre Maragnon's arm, with a close and timorous grasp. The merchant, proud as a monarch, rode with head erect and a glad heart, thinking of the happiness and the honor that awaited him. Once out of sight of the castle of Colobrières he put his horse to a walk, and took the liberty to ask Agathe if she had any particular purpose in going to St. Peyre.

"The purpose of being married to you this very day,' was her reply.

"The heart of Pierre Maragnon thrilled at the words. In his ecstasy he was near raising to his lips the small hand that grasped his green ratteen sleeve; but checking himself, he only replied in the most respectful tone: 'I durst not have taken it upon me to press you on this subject, mademoiselle; and yet I felt that the most proper course you could take was not to postpone the honor you intend to do me; your determination delights me. If you please, we will allow my people to proceed slowly, and we will ride on before them.'

"Yes,' said Agathe, 'that is well thought of; we should be at St. Peyre before the hour of mass.'

"The merchant set spurs to his horse, and turning off from the road, rode across the fields, by which means he had soon outstripped the caravan, which was proceeding steadily in a sunken way, so deep that ill-disposed persons might have lain there in ambush. Agathe, frightened a little by the brisk pace of the horse, drew up her small feet under her petticoat, and clung with both arms to her companion, who at that moment looked not unlike Pierre of Provence carrying off the fair Maguelone.

"It was about seven in the morning when the young couple arrived in front of the church of St. Peyre. The sacristan had already rung the first matin bell, but the village population were in the fields, and there were only two or three old men about the church, basking in the sun. The merchant fastened his horse to the palings of the priest's little garden, and accompanied Mademoiselle de Colobrières into the church, where both knelt down at the entrance of the lonely nave. Agathe then making a sign to Pierre Maragnon to wait for her, went into the sacristy, where she found the curé putting on his robes, assisted by the lad who was to aid in the performance of the mass. He was a young priest, tolerably well-read; a man of tolerant piety and great virtue. Occasionally, in visiting his parishioners, he had called at the

castle of Colobrières, and Agathe was well known to him.

"The blessing of Heaven be on you, mademoiselle,' he exclaimed, as Agathe advanced to him pale and trembling. 'Has anything untoward happened at Colobrières?'

"No, Monsieur le Curé,' she replied, 'it is myself the matter concerns, and I am come to beg you will hear my confession immediately.'

"The curé, much astonished, motioned to his little clerk to retire, and sat down, after having closed the door of the sacristy. Mademoiselle de Colobrières then knelt down, and after relating what had occurred on the preceding night, she told him the resolution she had taken, and the purpose for which she was come. The case was novel and embarrassing. Mademoiselle de Colobrières was an orphan, and had attained her majority, so that she could dispose of her own hand; nevertheless, her family was legally empowered to resist such a *mésalliance* as she was about to make. Besides this, it was necessary to fulfil the previous formalities required by the ecclesiastical laws in all but extraordinary cases. The good priest refused at first, hoping, perhaps, that Agathe would abandon her intention, and allow him to convey her back quietly and without scandal to Colobrières. But upon the first word he uttered to that effect, she rose and said, resolutely, 'No, Monsieur le Curé, I did not take this step with the intention of afterwards receding. I will go with Pierre Maragnon wherever he chooses to take me, and he will marry me when it shall so please him; but it is for you matter of conscience to let me depart thus. Since I am resolved to go with him, were it not better he should take me away as his wife and not as his mistress! Alas! if we both commit such a fault, it will be sorely against our will.'

"This way of putting the case alarmed the curé. He was a truly religious man, of a timorous conscience, but of an upright and decided character. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, after some reflection; 'I consent to marry you; God in his mercy grant that you may live afterwards without regret and remorse! After the ceremony, I will go and see M. le Baron de Colobrières. No doubt they are searching for you at this moment, and any surmise will have been adopted by your family rather than a suspicion of what is actually occurring. I will intercede for you, but I fear it will be without avail. For the last time, I intreat you to reflect: are you fully resolved thus to forever separate from your family, who will never think of you, perhaps, without anger and shame?'

"My greatest desire is that they may forgive me,' replied Agathe, with mournful determination; 'but I do not hope they will, Monsieur le Curé; and when I left Colobrières, I knew well that it was forever.'

"The curé motioned to her to kneel down again, and after praying with her and duly accomplishing all that should precede the religious ceremony, he told her to go and wait for him in the church, and meanwhile to send Pierre Maragnon to him. The little clerk went by the priest's desire and fetched two of the old men who were sitting in the porch, to act as witnesses; and a quarter of an hour afterwards Pierre Maragnon and Agathe de Colobrières were married. On coming out of church they met the whole caravan which had just arrived, and Pierre, going up to the young man we have seen before, said to him, with a face beaming with



proud joy as he pointed to Agathe, 'Take her hand, Jacques; she is your sister.'

"That same afternoon, whilst the new married couple were on their road for Marseilles, the curé proceeded to Colobrières. The baron and his wife were still busy with conjectures: they had found Agathe's wedding presents on the window-ledge, but could not tell what to make of them, and their wits were perplexed with a host of conjectures, none of which approached the truth. When the curé had given a plain statement of the facts, the baron burst in paroxysms of rage and indignation, and the baroness shed tears. In spite of her natural gentleness and indulgent disposition, the good lady was also incensed against her sister-in-law, and cried out in a comical transport of anger and distress: 'Mademoiselle de Colobrières the wife of Pierre Maragnon! That she should have been guilty of the weakness of loving him is what I might, perhaps, conceive; but marry him—never!'

"The Baron de Colobrières renounced his sister Agathe, cursed her, and expressly forbade that her name should ever be uttered in his presence. After this solemn declaration he had a bonfire made of

brushwood in the great court, and when it was well lighted, he sternly flung Agathe's presents into the blaze. The baroness sighed piteously when she saw the brave tissues vanishing in the flames, and mentally computed the number of new dresses that might have been made out of what was soon but a handful of ashes. But she knew her husband too well to venture on the least remonstrance; she knew that the worthy man would rather have seen his children clad in lambskins, like the pictures of little St. John, than decked in garments made of Pierre Maragnon's wedding presents. With a heavy heart she looked up the six livres fifteen sous which had been found untouched in the purse; and considering that all this disaster had come of the unlucky wish to spend her savings, she made a vow that she would be wiser in future. Agathe's example, moreover, was a warning to her respecting her daughters. None of the first five saw their eighteenth year under the paternal roof, but were shut up in a nunnery, and had made the last vows long before the age when their aunt had chosen to marry a roturier rather than take the veil."

#### FLOGGING AT HOUNSLOW.

A JURY was impanelled on Wednesday evening at the George the Fourth Inn, Hounslow-heath, before Mr. Wakley, to inquire into the death of Frederick White, aged twenty-six, late a private in the 7th Hussars, who died subsequent to, and it was alleged in consequence of, having received severe corporal punishment. After the jury had viewed the body the inquiry was adjourned for a week, to allow an examination of the deceased by a surgeon not connected with the army, and for the summoning of several material witnesses. The coroner also ordered that the deceased man's family should be requested to attend. The following statement has appeared in a morning paper, but it must be regarded as altogether *ex parte*. It will probably be satisfactory to all parties that the investigation could not be in better hands than Mr. Wakley's for the discovery of the whole truth:—"The deceased has been in the regiment seven years and a half, and had never before been subjected to corporal punishment; but, being given to drink, he had been subjected to extra drills, &c., as a punishment. While laboring under the effects of liquor, an altercation took place between him and Sergeant Daly, when he struck the latter on the breast with a poker. For his conduct on that occasion two charges were preferred against him, one for assaulting a non-commissioned officer, and the other for using abusive language towards him. Under a warrant issued by the commander-in-chief, a court-martial assembled at Hampton Court barracks, consisting of seven officers, the president being Captain Arthur Shirley, of the 7th Hussars, who found the deceased guilty of both charges, and sentenced him to receive 150 lashes. That sentence was confirmed at head-quarters, and carried out on the 15th ult., at Hounslow barracks, in the presence of the regiment, of Colonel White, the commanding officer, and of Dr. Warren, the head surgeon. The triangles were not used on the occasion, but 'the ladder,' and the whole number of lashes was given. The deceased walked into the hospital himself, after the flogging, and subsequently kept his bed for fourteen days. His wounds were first treated with fomentations, and afterwards with dressings.

Some days after, the skin of his back being healed, he would have left the hospital had he not complained of his left side. The pain subsequently shifted to his bowels, and on Saturday last, about three o'clock, he became insensible, and died in the evening of the same day. He was seen on that day by Mr. Hall, one of the staff surgeons, by request of Dr. Warren. On Monday last that gentleman assisted Dr. Reid, also a military surgeon from town, in making the *post mortem* examination. Deceased, who was a healthy man, was visited while in the hospital by some of the officers, and never made any complaint, but while there was not visited by any of his relatives, neither were they made acquainted with either his punishment or illness. It is said that at the infliction of the punishment ten of the privates present fainted. The deceased was a tall, fine grown, intelligent young man, bore the infliction with stoical indifference, uttering not a word beyond requesting that the lash might not fall so frequently upon his neck. There is a young man named Mathewson, now in the hospital, suffering under the effects of a flogging. He had not joined the regiment more than seven or eight weeks before he was punished. He was one day standing in his room stooping with his head to the ground, when he heard his name suddenly called. He answered, 'Heigho;' and on looking up found he had been called by one of the sergeants. The latter demanded why he made such an answer? to which the former replied that he did not know it was the sergeant who called him. The sergeant still pursued the subject, until at length Mathewson exclaimed, 'Do you want me to go down on my knees to you?' for which expression the sergeant put him under arrest. Mathewson was subsequently taken before the commanding officer, who, after severely reprimanding him, was asked by Mathewson to tell him how he ought to have answered the sergeant, which was construed into disrespectful conduct towards his commanding officer, for which the young soldier was tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes, from the effects of which he is now in the hospital."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs, embellished with One hundred and twenty carefully colored Portraits, etc. etc.* By T. L. MCKENNEY, Esq., and JAMES HALL, Esq. Philadelphia: Rice and Clarke. London: C. Gilpin.

IN turning over the leaves of the magnificent picture-book before us, we rejoice at the opportunity it affords us for departing from the tone of censure in which we have too often felt compelled to speak of the works and deeds of our kinsmen across the Atlantic. For once, at least, they cannot accuse us of scornful disrespect, or of insular prejudice, when, according to our best ability, we recommend nationality in art, as the one thing beautiful, desirable, and needful for its permanent existence. Towards this point we would have our American friends strain every nerve. They have already proved themselves steady and enthusiastic pilgrims along the world's highways. We may mention the names of West, Washington Allston, Leslie, Sully, in proof that they can take rank among the most admirable Europeans, when they deign to paint in the European fashion; nor can the Londoners or the Florentines forget, that in his "Greek Slave," W. Hiram Powers has put in a very strong claim for the championship of modern sculpture, one to which the Rauchs, and the Gibsons, and the Schwanthalers, and the Baily's would find it hard to offer a rejoinder. In all revivals and adaptations, however—in all workings after this antique, or the other tradition, there is an unsoundness, and a want of satisfaction, the end of which can be but mediocrity. It needs but to walk the rounds of the churches, galleries, and studios of Munich, to ascertain the limits of modern, when imitating ancient art. There has been no want of earnest study, no want of unselfish devotion to a purpose, no want of sympathy and patronage: and here and there industry, ingenuity, and sincerity have "tossed and turned" themselves, have accumulated and wrought, till the result is all but a creation—all but a work of genius. Yet the impression, on ourselves at least, of these vaunted works is saddening. It is painful to see that sympathy will not keep pace with effort; painful to be compelled to admit, (as one is compelled to do, a score of times every hour, by some flash of recollection of the glories of the ancients,) that we are only looking at an elaborate mistake; painful to anticipate a not very distant period, when Glyptothek and Basilica, *Fest-bau*, and *Aller Heiligen Kapelle* will be reviewed by the connoisseurs, as so many monuments of respectable pedantry, and school exercise; more praiseworthy for intent, but little more so in fact of artistic merit, than the follies of Louis Quinze, or than the library built after the fashion of a chest of drawers with which the great Frederick of Prussia chose to diversify the main street of his show capital!

We have dwelt upon Munich because the name of this city is in every one's mouth; but it is only an illustration of the spirit of the times; not a solitary instance. The worthy personages, who imagine they are advancing the cause of devotion and authority, by attempting to bring back church music to the barbarianism of the Gregorian chant, offer another. Why are these things? Does that old superstitious fear yet linger on the earth, which mistrusted creation and discovery as irrever-

ent? Is Orthodoxy maintained by not a few, because it saves the trouble and cost of original thought? These questions sound almost monstrous: yet, much of the artistic criticism, and the motives held out for artistic effort in the present day, when stripped of the verbiage in which canters of all classes love to involve them, have no wiser principles for kernel. Yet, digressing for a moment, let us thankfully remark how—in spite of all this laziness and pedantry, this appeal to a spurious devotional spirit, which overlooks the glorification of God in the present, no less than in the past—genius is vindicating itself: how the necessities, the materials, and the social arrangements of the world are unconsciously calling forth and shaping productions, which posterity may admire as models. Those whose connoisseurship and enthusiasm, being merely an affair of precedents and synods, can see nothing of the poetry which belongs to every effort of human ambition, of the beauty which bears company with every step of civilization, will deride us as utilitarian, or denounce us as at once visionary and materialist, if, by way of illustration, we venture to assert, that in the magnificent structures which steam conveyance has originated, we have more chance of a new order of architecture, than in all the porings and prying of the Pugin school of artists, who sanction every anachronism and inconsistency of past, half-instructed ages, on the score of a mystical sanctity, and demands the sacrifice of criticism at the altar of faith. Let all memorials of the past be reverently preserved, but preserved as memorials, not models. It should be our task, as it is our privilege, to go forward.

Viewed under their two-fold aspect, especially, seeing that anything entirely new stands, for the present, at so heavy a disadvantage, whatsoever the enchantment of distance may do for posterity—all collections with regard to the aboriginal inhabitants of America have a value, which every year will only increase. Perhaps never has savage life worn a form so inviting and poetical, as in the annals of the Indian tribes. Though hardly disposed, with the *prospectus* of Messrs. McKenney and Hall's work, to admit the Red-jackets and Mohongos as "Ciceros and Cæsars, Hector and Helens;" though human conservatism, or human simplicity, could never, in their most stiff or sickly vagaries, dream of a revival of wigwams, of an extension of the picturesque birch-bark and quill manufactures; of encouraging, after the fashion of "Young England," the dances and the ball-plays, with all their distinctive forms of full-dress and un-dress, (the latter, as a lady tourist has told us on some festive occasions, a mere simple osprey's wing)—though it would exceed the boldness of any Benedict to speak even leniently of *squaw-dom*, as an "honorable condition," in days like these, when The Schoolmistress is abroad arousing and inspiring the "womenkind,"—there is still, under every point of view, for the studious or for the sympathetic, for the antiquarian or for the artist, for the wild sportsman or the closet philosopher, a dignity, a charm, and a poetry about the Red Man, to which, not the whole library of trumpery of which he has been made the subject can render us indifferent. The Americans, then, are justified in calling attention to this, as a great national work. Few rate more highly than ourselves the magnificence of Audubon's collections; the artistic power, which he has thrown into his drawings, giving his ornithological sub-

jects the attractiveness of some professed picture by Snyders or Landseer, (distancing, let us add, Hondeköeter, the court painter of poultry, by many a rifle's length)—few have enjoyed more heartily the admirable pages which detail his wanderings, and describe his specimens; entertaining (to quote Johnson's anticipation of Goldsmith's *Natural History*) "as a Persian tale," and poetical as one of Christopher North's most eloquent rhapsodies when "*Elbony*" was young; yet, in right of subject, we must give the handsome volumes on our table a yet more distinguished place. Nor can we attempt to glance at their contents, without a word or two on a less important point, in which the Americans may legitimately take pride. Their manner of production and publication is most praiseworthy. Mr. Wittingham of Chiswick, it is true, might suggest that the type was too heavy for the paper; and it would strike Mr. Hullmandel's experienced eye, we doubt not, that in some half-dozen specimens, among the lithographs, the grain of the chalk is too coarse and woolly to pass muster in these perfected days of the art. But the above objections are trifling:—hinted, peradventure, merely to keep up our character as just critics, whose habit it has been, from time immemorial, to indulge their spleen by declaring "that the picture would have been better painted, if the painter would have taken more trouble."

It seems an Irish beginning to open the third volume first; but the reason is ready in the "History of the Indian Tribes" contained therein, and our visit is merely a passing one. For if the physiologists, philologists, and other "cunning men" of science, have failed to ascertain, past contest, whether the American Indians were or were not of the Tartar stock—if the signification of the great coincidence between the word "*ha, ha,*" as a definition of an English park ditch, and the same appellation given by the Sioux to the falls of St. Anthony, is still far from being duly appreciated:—if antiquarians are not precisely agreed how far the hieroglyphical paintings of the Mexicans, and the uncouth symbols and effigies which emboss the Yucatan temples, "coincide" with the patterns rather than drawings on the buffalo-skins of the Western Indians—if, to quote the author of the Introductory Essay before us, nothing can be more uncertain, and more unworthy, we will not say of credit, but of consideration, than their earlier traditions, and probably there is not a single fact, in all their history, supported by satisfactory evidence, which occurred half a century previously to the establishment of the Europeans;—wherefore should we vex our readers with splitting theories, and spinning disquisitions? Again, to touch the modern history of the Indians—were it ever so sketchily—would lead us into a review of Mr. Schoolcraft's interesting collections, and Mr. Stone's spirited and elaborate histories and biographies;—into glancing over such memoirs of the war-time as the Mrs. Grants and Mrs. Bleekers contributed (since woman's testimony has always its special value, as embracing points which her lordly master disdains to observe.) We should have to *crystallize* into the smallest solid space the amount of facts and features to be got out of the writings of Fenimore Cooper, the Irvings, and Bird. A more romantic library still remains to be ransacked, that of missionary enterprise, somewhat sentimentally opened, some fourteen years since, by Mr. Carne; but containing, we apprehend, abundance

of matter, for the thinker, or the painter, or the philanthropist. Enough, on the present occasion, then to say, that the variety of materials seems in some degree to have puzzled the writers of the Prefatory Essay, as well as ourselves. The days of laborious concentration are gone, and perhaps it were too extreme to expect that they should be revived for this occasion only, when the task to be done was merely to make up a handsome introduction to a picture-book. If, as we believe Sir Harris Nicholas would tell us, our lodges have sometimes "forced their facts," in writing the biographies of our illustrious personages—if Corneys poke their heads out of remote corners to prove that our D'Israelis are somewhat given to the Japanese fashion of *mermaid-making*, when busy over their "Curiosities of Literature"—far be it from us, on peaceful thoughts intent, to do more than hint, that here or there is a flimsiness or an inaccuracy, or a want of that grasp of the whole subject, for which the memory of a ripe scholar, and the hand of a finished artist, are alike demanded. Better than picking of notes, than complaining of facts carelessly collected, or of style left in the unweeded state of nature, will it be to offer the reader a sample of the introductory matter to the volume. The following, however, is not so much a part of the history, as one among the *pièces justificatives* upon which it has been founded. We have rarely met with a more touching and complete illustration of the strength and weakness of savage life:—

"Certain murders were committed at Prairie du Chien on the Upper Mississippi, in 1827, by a party of Indians, headed by the famous Winnebago chief, Red Bird. Measures were taken to capture the offenders, and secure the peace of the frontier. \* \* \* Information of these movements was given to the Indians, at a council then holding at the Butte des Morts, on Fox River, and of the determination of the United States government to punish those who had shed the blood of our people at Prairie du Chien. The Indians were faithfully warned of the impending danger, and told, that if the murderers were not surrendered, war would be carried in among them, and a way cut through their country, not with axes, but guns. They were advised to procure a surrender of the guilty persons, and, by so doing, save the innocent from suffering. Runners were dispatched, bearing the intelligence of this information among their bands. Our troops were put in motion. The Indians saw, in the movement of these troops, the storm that was hanging over them. On arriving at the portage, distant about one hundred and forty miles from the Butte des Morts, we found ourselves within nine miles of a village, at which, we were informed, were two of the murderers, Red Bird, the principal, and We-kaw, together with a large party of warriors. The Indians, apprehending an attack, sent a messenger to our encampment. He arrived, and seated himself at our tent door. On inquiring what he wanted, he answered, '*Do not strike. When the sun gets up there*' (pointing to a certain part of the heavens) '*they will come in.*' To the question '*who will come in?*' he answered, '*Red Bird and We-kaw.*' Having thus delivered his message, he rose, wrapped his blanket about him, and returned. This was about noon. At three o'clock another Indian came, seated himself in the same place, and being questioned, gave the same answer. At sun-down, another came, and repeated what the others had said."



We must proceed with this romance of savage life, as told by Mr. McKenney, in a private letter to Mr. Barbour, the then secretary of war. The wildness of the incident acquires an additional local color from the prosy and florid style of American narration, which we would not destroy or lessen. The reader, then, must excuse something of prolixity, for the sake of character.

"You are already informed of our arrival at this place on the 31st *ultimo*, and that no movement was made to capture the two murderers, who were reported to us to be at the village nine miles above, on account of an order received by Major Whistler from General Atkinson, directing him to wait his arrival, and meantime to make no movement of any kind. We were, therefore, after the necessary arrangements for defence, and security, &c., idly, but anxiously, waiting his arrival, when, at about one o'clock to-day, we descried, coming in the direction of the encampment, and across the portage, a body of Indians, some mounted, and some on foot. They were first, when discovered, on a mound, and descending it, and by the aid of a glass we could discern three flags, two appeared to be American, and one white; \* \* \* \* and in half an hour they were near the river, and at the crossing-place, when we heard singing; it was announced by those who knew the notes, to be a *death-song*, when presently the river being only about a hundred yards across, and the Indians approaching it, those who knew him said, 'It is the *Red Bird singing his death-song*.' On the moment of their arriving at the landing, two *scalp-yells* were given, and these were also by the Red Bird. The Menomnies who had accompanied us were lying, in Indian fashion, in different directions all over the hill, eying, with a careless indifference, this scene; but the moment the yells were given, they bounded from the ground, as if they had been shot out of it, and running in every direction, each to his gun, seized it, and throwing back the pan, picked the touch-hole, and rallied. They knew well that the yells were *scalp-yells*, but they did not know whether they indicated two to be taken, or two to be given, but inferred the first. Barges were sent across where they came over, the Red Bird carrying the white flag, and We-kaw by his side. While they were embarking, I passed a few yards from my tent, when a rattle-snake ran across the path: he was struck by Captain Dickeson with his sword, which in part disabled him, when I ran mine, it being of the sabre form, several times through the body, and finally through his head, and holding it up, it was cut off by a Menomnie Indian with his knife. The body of the snake falling, was caught up by an Indian, whilst I went towards one of the fires to burn the head, that its fangs might be innoxious, when another Indian came running, and begged me for it; I gave it to him. The object of both was to make *medicine of the reptile*. This was interpreted to be a good omen, as had a previous killing of one a few mornings before on Fox River, and of a bear. \* \* \* \*

"By this time the murderers were landed, accompanied by one hundred and fourteen of their principal men. They were preceded and represented by *Caraminie*, a chief, who earnestly begged that the prisoners might receive good treatment, and under no circumstances be put in irons. He appeared to dread the military, and wished to surrender them to the sub-agent, Mr. Marsh. His address being made to me, I told him it was

proper he should go to the great chief (Major Whistler,) and that so far as Mr. Marsh's presence might be agreeable to them, they should have it there. He appeared content, and moved on, followed by the men of his bands: the Red Bird being in the centre, with his white flag; whilst two other flags, American, were borne by two chiefs, in the front and rear of the line. The military had previously been drawn out in line. The Menomnie and Wabanocky Indians squatting about in groups (looking curious enough) on the left flank, the band of music on the right, a little in advance of the line. The murderers were marched up in front of the centre of the line, some ten or fifteen paces from which seats were arranged, and in front of which, at about ten paces, the Red Bird was halted, with his miserable looking companion We-kaw, by his side, while his band formed a semicircle to their right and left. All eyes were fixed upon the Red Bird, and well they might be; for, of all the Indians I ever saw, he is decidedly the most perfect in form, in face, and in motion. In height he is about six feet, and in proportion, exact and perfect. \* \* \* His head too—nothing was ever so well formed. There was no ornamenting of the hair after the Indian fashion: no clubbing it up in blocks and rollers of lead or silver; no loose or straggling parts, but it was cut after the best fashion of the most refined civilized taste. His face was painted, one side red, the other a little intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, sewn on a piece of cloth, and covering it, of about two inches width, whilst the claws of the panther, or large wild cat, were fastened to the upper rim, and about a quarter of an inch from each other, their points downward and inward, and resting upon the lower rim of the collar; and around his neck, in strands of various lengths, enlarging as they descended, he wears a profusion of the same kind of wampum as had been worked so tastefully into his collar. He is clothed in a *Yankton dress*, new, rich, and beautiful. It is of beautifully dressed elk or deer skin; pure in its color, almost to a clear white, and consists of a jacket, (with nothing beneath it,) the sleeves of which are sewn so neatly, as to fit his finely turned arms, leaving two or three inches of the skin outside of the sewing, and then again three or four inches more, which is cut into strips, as we cut paper to wrap round and ornament a candle. All this made a deep and rich fringe, whilst the same kind of ornament or trimming continued down the seams of his leggings. These were of the same material, and were additionally set off with blue beads. On his feet he wore moccasins. A piece of scarlet cloth, about a quarter of a yard wide, and half a yard long, by means of a strip cut through its middle, so as to admit the passage through of his head, rested, one half upon his breast, and the other on his back. On one shoulder, and near his breast, was a large and beautifully-ornamented feather, nearly white: and on the other, and opposite, was one nearly black, with two pieces of wood in the form of compasses when a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped round with porcupine quills, dyed yellow, red and blue, and on the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of red dyed horse-hair, curled in part, and mixed up with other ornaments. Across his breast, in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was his war-pipe, at least three feet long, richly ornamented with

feathers and horse hair, dyed red, and the bills of birds, &c., whilst in one hand he held the white flag, and in the other the pipe of peace."

We hope our readers have catholicity enough to excuse this Grandisonian minuteness, marvellous in a people so given to *going a-head* as the Americans. But if such is the taste of their Congress orations, how shall their national literature escape? The sentimental touches in the passage which follows (little needed, let us observe, by a scene intrinsically poetic and pathetic) are as oddly characteristic of the most utilitarian nation under the sun, as the above anxious enumeration of the poor Red Bird's toilette trumperies.

"There he stood. He moved not a muscle, nor once changed the expression of his face. They were told to sit down. He sat down with a grace not less *captivating than he walked and stood* (!!) At this moment the band on our right struck up Pleyel's hymn \* \* \* when the hymn was played, he took up his pouch, and taking from it some *kinnakanie* or tobacco, cut the latter after the Indian fashion, then rubbed the two together, filled the bowl of his beautiful peace pipe, struck fire with his steel and flint into a bit of spunk, and lighted it and smoked. \* \* \*

"I could not but speculate a little on his dress. His white jacket, with one piece of red upon it, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, stained with but a single crime; for all agree that the Red Bird had never before soiled his fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His war-pipe, bound close to his heart, appeared to indicate his love of war, which was now no longer to be gratified. Perhaps the red or scarlet cloth may have been indicative of his name, the *Red Bird*."

The above receives a last touch of whimsicality little meditated, as being subscribed by one who "writes in haste."

"All sat, except the speakers, whose addresses I took down. \* \* \* They were in substance that they had been required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any except two, and these had voluntarily agreed to come and give themselves up. As their friends they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to receive the horses, (they had with them twenty, perhaps,) meaning, that if accepted, it should be in commutation for the lives of their two friends. They asked kind treatment for them, earnestly begged that they might not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke. We advised them to warn their people against killing ours, and endeavoring also to impress them with a proper conception of the extent of our power, and of their weakness, &c.

"Having heard this, the Red Bird stood up; the commanding officer, Major Whistler, a few paces in advance of the centre of his line, facing him. After a pause of a minute, and a rapid survey of the troops, and a firm composed observation of his people, the Red Bird said, looking at Major Whistler, '*I am ready*.' Then, advancing a step or two, he paused and added, 'I do not wish to be put in irons, let me be free. I have given my life, it is gone,' (stooping down and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away,) like this \* \* \* I would not have it back. It is gone.' He threw his hands behind him, to indicate that he was braving all things behind him, and marched up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled back-

ward from the centre of the line, when Major Whistler stepping aside, the Red Bird and We-kaw marched through the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided in the rear, over which a guard was set. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advice, and a supply of meat and flour. (!!!)

"\* \* \* The Red Bird does not appear to be thirty, yet he is said to be over forty \* \* \*"  
—Vol. iii., pp. 36 to 39.

The Red Bird died in prison. We-kaw, as generally happens to the confidant, *alias* the shabbier fellow, and greater rascal of the two, was let off: and comes in, moreover, for a reputation. There are desperate difficulties, we know, inherent in the subject. The uniform of "Major Whistler and his men" are sad stumbling-blocks in any painter's way, as Horace Vernet could tell us; and it would require consummate tact to rescue the heroic Red Bird and the sneaking degraded We-kaw if drawn out in all their bravery as described, from certain May-day and masquerade associations, which no sane artist would care to conjure up. Still we hold that an Allston would have been more honorably and profitably employed, as concerns Art, in trying to harmonize such objects as these, and thus to add to the world's stores of beauty—than in measuring himself against the ancients by once again painting "Jacob's Dream," or entering the lists against the beauty-painters, who, like "most women, have no character at all," by devoting time, pains—aye, and poetical thought, too—to his "Rosalie listening to Music," or to the thousandth presentiment of "Lorenzo and Jessica," the best how infinitely below Shakespeare!

Let us now turn to the portraits, and the anecdote which accompanies them. The first is properly enough that of "Red Jacket," as the white men chose to call the "Keeper Awake" of the Senecas. Is there not "an acted bull" in this portrait—an inconsistency which ought not to have escaped the projectors of a national work! "Red Jacket" was a professed hater of the white men—a contemner, we are expressly told, of their institutions—the point of "disdaining to use any language save his own." Yet here is this stickler for his nationality handed down to posterity, in the blue coat and Washington medal of those he abominated! It is true that all over the world we could find other portraits of the uncompromising, in like apparel, were we to seek! "Kishkalwa," the second subject in the gallery—nominally and legally head of the Shawanoe nation, is a far more genuine-looking personage, at least in a picture:—his nose garnished with a crescent-shaped ring; his ears with cruel-looking appendages; his head with a comb or top-knot of scarlet feathers (with a few civilized "odds and ends" of riband,) as bristling with defiance as Chanticleer Bantam's own! This fiery personage seems to have understood a joke\* as little as the editor of "My Grand-

\* The "Book of Offences" (a work which, by the way, we beg to commend to some comic moralist in search of a subject) would receive some of its most curious pages from the history of *savage* life. It is intelligible enough that the loss of a virile garment should be a sore subject among people particularly touchy in point of valor; but while the crotchet passes through our brains, we cannot resist a far less serious anecdote of Indian offence, which has always struck us as alike whimsical and inexplicable. When the Ojibbeway party was in London, a party was made (after the fashion of Mrs. Leo Hunter's) for

mother's Review," in the days of Byron. Being jeered on the laying aside of his one garment during certain warlike operations, as though he had been a coward who had dropped his "ineffables" while running away, he undertook a foray or *razzia*, to wipe away this stain on his character:—and it was one of the express conditions of the peace which followed his victorious arms, sealed by the present of a beautiful young lady, that Kishkalwa's "vestment" (to quote the precise noun which transatlantic scrupulosity enjoins) should, indeed, be henceforth remembered among the "unmentionables." "Shingaba W'Ossin; or, Image Stone," a Chippewa Indian, has, also, a fine unsophisticated head; though, unlike "Red Jacket," he was so far in advance of his tribe, as to encourage investigation with regard to a *Manitou* or object sanctified by superstition—the huge mass of virgin copper, known to all mineralogists and American tourists as existing on the Outanogon River, Lake Superior. A famous subject, too, for the painter, though in a transition state between the "osprey wing" style of dress and the adoption of the militia uniform, is Tenskautawaw—"The Open Door." Though described as a person of slender intellects, weak, cruel, and sensual; despite, too, the loss of an eye, this personage had a bland and agreeable presence. Brother to the well known Chief Tecumthe, "The Open Door" enjoys an almost equal renown as a prophet. When we read in these Indian annals of a hit so lucky as his fixing the precise day for an earthquake, and recollect how on no stronger grounds our gentry believed in Murphy, (not to recall the more humiliating trust of their tenantry in the Canterbury fanatic,) we must not appropriate "The Open Door's" success as a trait of savage life, so much as of universal credulous humanity. We only protest against the "slenderness" allotted to his wits. The biographers, however, attribute the contrivance of the juggle to Tecumthe, who, among his other schemes of assisting Indian rights and regenerating Indian morals, including even a temperance movement, perceived that supernatural influences would make an important figure. Even a puppet, however, must be in some degree stoutly and symmetrically framed to answer to the jerk of the master's hand. And we can hardly reconcile such an assertion as that the prophet was pronounced by General Harrison to have been the most graceful and accomplished orator he had seen amongst the Indians, with the following paragraph, in which we are told that "he seems to have exhibited neither honesty nor dignity of character in any relation of life." The tale of Tecumthe, however, is one of the best in the collection—full of subject.

The portrait of Waapashaw, chief the Dacotah nation, a sagacious looking man, in an European

dress, like the prophet *minus* an eye, gives his biographers occasion to relieve his tribe from the stigma which has been laid upon it, of a vice no less loathsome than cannibalism. The name of the Keoxa tribe, to which he belongs, meaning "relationship overlooked," implies marriages forbidden in the last leaf of the prayer-book; and one admitted practice of questionable reputation (for even among savages it is curious to observe how constantly the dawns of moral perception touch the same points) may have led to false accusations of another. The Twighees and the Kickapoos (*vide* vol. iii., p. 26) will hardly come out from under the accusation so easily. We are assured that they had a society expressly ordained for the maintenance of the practice: possibly—who knows!—their Hieroglyphic Human Cookery Book! Nathless, let us charitably point out, that exact information on subjects like these—where credulous horror and cunning ignorance meet, the one as willing to be mystified as the other is anxious to mystify—comprehends precisely that branch of testimony which is to be least relied upon. Ferocity or revenge may drive untutored people into exceptional crimes; and the extreme reluctance to admit the fact, which all savages have ever shown, would argue a sort of instinctive averseness, which warrants our generally receiving tales of the systematized practice *cum grano*.

As we advance in the volume, we get deeper and deeper into the wilderness, as it were—among wilder people. Some of the heads are very fierce, initiating us into the mysteries of Indian paint. Wesh Cubb, "The Sweet,"—whose son was seized with the vagary of fancying himself a woman, and devoting himself to the degradation of feminine employments—has a most becoming crescent of green spots upon his cheeks:—Caatousee, or "Creeping out of the Water," a square patch of yet brighter verdigris, in which one cruel eye is set as cleanly as a bead in a patch of enamel. Peah-Mus-Ka, a Fox chief (whose *barbette à la Pischek* makes a whimsical disturbance of our visions of prairies, portages, and other features of wild life in the West,) has his black handkerchief cap *tied on*, as it were, by a streak of vermilion under the chin, by which also his ear is dyed. While we are on the subject of aboriginal "paint and patches," commend us to No-way-ke-sug-ga, the Otoc chief, whose portrait is to be found early in volume the third, and whose citron green chin, with a Vandyke pattern of the same piquant nuance across his forehead, "composes" with the superb cherry-colored plume of horse-hair or feathers upon his head, so as to form an arrangement of color of which a Parisian designer of fancies might be proud. There is somewhat of caprice, we are told, in these decorations—a caprice, it seems, constant in the avoidance of "the stars and stripes," though not seldom awkwardly emulating the lines of "the Union Jack;"—but we take it for granted, something of symbolism also. And in these days, when reds and blues are mere matters of faith and orthodoxy, when the cut of an aureole, or the frilling and flouncing of an initial letter, becomes subjects concerning which homilies are preached, and libraries written—we must not be thought absurd in recommending to American savans, "the nature and significance of Indian paint," as a mystery worth looking into, for the use of historians and artists yet unborn. Out of accidents little less freakish, we take it, did the whole school of what is by some called Christian

"Tobacco," the "Driving Cloud," and the rest of the company: not forgetting the ladies. Their behavior was pronounced to be most discreet and easy; it seemed, too, that they enjoyed themselves. But in an evil hour arrived Mr. —, the piano forte player, and by way of ascertaining what amount of musical ear the distinguished strangers possessed, he was requested to perform a fantasia. He complied; the Indians sat, all attention, to the very end. But, then, rising up very gravely and with some ceremony, they left the room; went down stairs to the parlor on the ground floor, resisting all entreaties; and there seating themselves on the floor, waited in dignity the appointed hour of departure. They had been affronted:—nothing further, we believe, was ever explained.



art, originally construct itself. At all events, there is now some possibility of obtaining information on these important matters—though at the risk of depriving controversialists in embryo of their life-breath; to wit, matter for controversy. To speak, meanwhile, of a matter of detail, in its order, important—we are surprised that in a work like this, so carefully and expensively produced, greater descriptive minuteness was not thought necessary. There are many accessories and objects introduced into these portraits, which we neither know how to describe or to name. This ought not to have been.

The portrait of a Rant-che-wai-me, "Female flying Pigeon," also called "the beautiful female eagle who flies in the air," reminds us that we have been somewhat remiss in paying our dues to the gentle sex. But this is true forest fashion. The lady before us is mild and gracious looking. We were told she was free-handed to an excess: as her widowed husband phrased it, "when the poor came, it was like a strainer full of holes, letting all she had pass through." She was extreme, moreover, in her tenderness of her conscience, "often feared that her acts were displeasing to the Great Spirit, when she would blacken her face and retire to some lone place, and fast and pray." But we take it that so far as any grace which free-will gives can go, "the Female flying Pigeon" was rather an exceptional than an average woman. It is true that, in her charming "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," Mrs. Jameson, whose honorable desire to improve the condition of her sex, sometimes leads her into odd puzzles and paradoxes, does her best for the squaw; trying to prove her condition in some essential points far better than that of the *conventionalized* white woman, (as the jargon of the day runs.) And we suppose that social philosophers on the other side of the argument—the power-theorists to wit—would declare that man's ministering angel was in her right place, when hewing wood and drawing water, drudging in the fields, and dragging burdens, leaving "her master" undisturbed in the nobler occupations of fighting and foraging. But we confess that we are a trifle hard to convince as to the supreme felicity of the Indian woman's lot. The utmost her race has done has been to produce, not a Boadicea, but a Pocahontas. Of this last, "the heroine of the tribes," we have somewhat too niggardly a notice. There is a portrait of her, however, in her civilized condition, which an appendical series of documents assure us is authentic; the features wearing an expression of grave and womanly sweetness, befitting one whose name was somewhat prophetically "a rivulet of peace between two nations."

But this is not the time or place for us to argue out the great question of the lady and the lord, to determine how far (as *Cherub* says) nature never meant that a Griseldis should be put to the test by her Sir Perceval, or *vice versa*. Ample opportunities to hear new wisdom against old prejudice are sure to present themselves! The mention of "authentication" and its accompanying assertion that all these portraits are warrantable, recalls to us yet another of the curious peculiarities of savage life: namely, great solicitude and touchiness in the delicate matter of resemblances painted. Queen Elizabeth herself, with her royal command of "garden lights," and similar devices which excluded shadows, and other such displeasing accidents—*Lady Pentwistle*, when big with the pur-

pose of "calling up a look," which should take mankind by storm—were gentle and easily-contented customers compared with the braves and the medicine men, whom the founders of the school of American art have been called upon to immortalize. Mr. Catlin, in his "Letters and Notes," gave us some whimsical and touching details of the "relations" which the court painter of the Indians has to hold with his sitters. Who has forgotten the anecdote of the chief who came to the artist's tent, with an offer of six horses, and as much treasure besides as the magician chose to exact, so he might bear away the portrait of his dead daughter? The portraying of a Sioux chief, Mah-to-cheeja, "the Little Bear"—in profile, led to yet more serious results. Mr. Catlin had to pack up his brushes and run to save his scalp; since Shonka, "the Dog," found out that the "Little Bear," thus presented, was "only half a man!" The Red Men, as we have seen, do not love jests. The Dog's taunt bred an affray which cost the Little Bear his life. The volumes before us afford us an addition to the above store of anecdotes: which, ere we part from them, we shall extract:—though conscious that it makes against us, and for those who consider the squaw a less suffering woman than the Mrs. Caudles, Mrs. Grundys, and Mrs. Partingtons of our streets and squares, and village-greens.

"It happened," says the memorialist of Young Mahaskah, the son of the Female flying Pigeon, "when Mahaskah was at Washington, that the agent of this work was there also. \* \* \* As he turned over the leaves bearing the likenesses of many of those Indians of the Far West, who were known to the party, Mahaskah would pronounce their names with the same promptitude as if the originals were alive and before him. Among these was the likeness of his father. He looked at it with a composure bordering on indifference. On being asked if he did not know his father, he answered, pointing to the portrait, 'That is my father.' He was asked if he was not glad to see him. He replied, 'It was enough for me to know that my father was a brave man, and had a big heart, and died an honorable death in doing the will of my Great Father.'"

\* \* \* The portrait of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse, the Ottoo chief, was then shown to him. 'That,' he said, 'is my mother.' The agent assured him he was mistaken. He became indignant, and seemed mortified that his mother, as he believed her to be, should be arranged in the work as the wife of another, and especially of a chief over whom his father had held and exercised authority. The colloquy became interesting, until, at last, some excitement, on the part of Mahaskah, grew out of it. On hearing it repeated by the agent that he must be mistaken, Mahaskah turned and looked him in the face, saying, 'Did you ever know the child that loved its mother, and had seen her, that forgot the board on which he was strapped, and the back on which he had been carried, or the knee on which he had been nursed, or the breast which had given him life?' So firmly convinced was he that this was the picture of his mother, and so resolved that she should not remain by the side of Shaumonekusse, that he said, 'I will not leave this room, until my mother's name, Rantchewaime, is marked over the name of 'Eagle of Delight.' The agent of the work complied with this demand, when his agitation, which had become great, sub-

sided, and he appeared contented. Looking once more at the painting, he turned from it, saying, 'If it had not been for Waucondamony (the name he gave to the agent of the work, which means *walking god*, so called, because he attributed the taking of these likenesses to him,) I would have kissed her, but Waucondamony made me ashamed.'

"Soon after this interview, the party went to King's Gallery, where are copies of many of these likenesses, and among them are both the 'Eagle of Delight' and the Female flying Pigeon. The moment Mahaskah's eye caught the portrait of the 'Flying Pigeon,' he exclaimed, 'That is my mother, that is her face, I know her now, I am ashamed again.' He immediately asked to have a copy of it, as also of the 'Eagle of Delight,' wife of Shamonokusse, saying of the last, 'The Ottoo chief will be so glad to see his squaw, that he will give me one hundred horses for it.'"

There are others, more competent judges of art than simple Mahaskah, will occur to every reader with whom (no offence to their connoisseurships) "the fan" makes the likeness.

It will be easily gathered, from the above hasty notes and illustrations, that to comment upon the entire contents of these volumes would lead the critic beyond all reasonable limits. Having given a fair sample, we must here pause. A parting word is, perhaps, required to assure certain excellent persons, that because we have treated this work crotchety-wise, rather than in the cut and dry "Encyclopedia" fashion; no disrespect to it has been meant. On the contrary, there are certain subjects more vividly brought home to us by familiar treatment and comparison, than by dissertations *ex cathedra*: and this is among them. The book is a most interesting collection of raw materials, out of which a school of imaginative art might be constructed; but to lecture upon them, appealing the while to "the principle of the pyramid," would be to impugn our own common sense, and not to assist either teachers or people. We regard it as a valuable addition to the American's library:—and as full of suggestion to all persons who love to look around and forward as well as to linger with fond reverence among the traditions of the past.

#### THE POETRY OF STEAM.

"MR. PUNCH,

"SIR,—Being a stoker, it is natural I should feel enthusiastic on the subject of steam. It appears to me, sir, that Mr. Wordsworth makes a great mistake when he talks of steamers and railways as—

Motions and means on land and sea, at war  
With old poetic feeling.'

For my own part, I think there's a deal more poetry in steam-engines than in anything else, except men and women. I have tried my hand at a description of the Seven Ages of Steam, after Shakespeare, and venture to send it to you to show the world and my brother stokers that there is some poetry about us.

"Yours respectfully, JOHN COKE."

"The world's ruled by steam,  
And all the men and women are its subjects:  
It guides their movements and their whereabouts;

And this steam, in its time, plays many parts,  
Its acts being Seven Ages. At first, the kettle,  
Hissing and sputtering on a kitchen hob,  
And then Newcomen's engine, to its piston,  
By atmospheric pressure, giving force  
Imperfectly to pump: Then Watt's condenser,  
More economic, with its stuffing-box  
And double-acting movement: Then a steam-boat,  
Full of strange smells, and crammed like Noah's  
ark,  
(It, on high pressure, sudden and quick to ex-  
plode.)

Raising up Fulton's reputation  
In everybody's mouth: Then the steam-horse,  
By Stephenson devised, on Wall's End fed,  
With boiler grimed and—wheels of clumsy cut,  
Spurning brass knobs and copper ornaments—  
And so he plays his part: The Sixth Age shifts  
Into the war of broad and narrow gauge;  
Brunel on one, Hudson on t' other side—

Their several lines stretching a world too wide  
For the Committee's and Steam's manly voice  
That in the kettle's childish treble piped,  
Now whistles o'er the world: Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is general brotherhood, and mere oblivion  
Of troops, of wars, of blood, and all such things."

Punch.

#### THE AGGRIEVED PROFESSORS.

To the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to  
the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and to  
the learned Corporations and Societies of Eng-  
land at large,

*The Humble Petition of us, the undersigned respect-  
able Scientific Men and Philosophers Natural and  
Moral;*

SHEWETH. That your Petitioners belong to a  
class of persons from whom, at Colleges and Insti-  
tutions for the advancement of Science and Litera-  
ture, Lecturers and other Teachers are selected:

That such individuals, in their official capacity,  
are commonly styled Professors:

That certain other individuals, in divers adver-  
tisements, and in sundry bills, placards, and post-  
ers, have of late assumed and added to their names  
the title or appellation of Professor; and that by  
the said appellation or title of Professor they have  
procured themselves to be commonly called and  
known:

That of these individuals, some are teachers of  
dancing, others fiddlers, and others posture-mas-  
ters, not to say mountebanks; that others of them,  
again, are Professors of pills and ointment, and  
that one of them hath lately announced himself to  
the world as Professor of a ventilating peruke:

That, from thus serving to denote dancing-mas-  
ters, and fiddlers, and players of monkeys' tricks,  
and quack-salvers, and barbers, the name of Pro-  
fessor hath acquired a significance which rendereth  
it anything but a creditable one.

Your Petitioners, therefore, have humbly to re-  
quest that you will find some other title for your  
Lecturers and Teachers than this same denomina-  
tion of Professor; which your said Petitioners do  
object to share with the kind of persons above men-  
tioned.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, &c.

(Here follow the signatures.)

Punch.

From Punch.

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

## CHAPTER IV.

WALKING ON, I raised my eyes, and what was my astonishment, my delight, to behold the ship—the *Ramo Samee*—reclining as upon a sofa, on a bank of sand about two miles distant! My heart fluttered. After all, I might not be alone upon a desolate island. The captain might be spared; if not the captain, at least the boatswain. Again, when I looked upon the vessel, soft thoughts stole into my bosom; hope stirred within me, and all about my plum-colored silk and my crimson velvet—and the band-boxes, every one with a love of a bonnet, and the night-caps, (I was always particular in my night-caps,) with their beautiful lace borders, chosen with an eye to the hopeful future. These thoughts forced tears from my eyes; and I resolved to save my wardrobe; or, as I once heard a gentleman in blue silk and spangles exclaim, “perish in the attempt.”

I satiated my hunger with raw periwinkles—for I found they strewed the lower part of the beach—which I was enabled to do, having several pins in my dress. I had never thought of it before; but how beautifully has Nature or Fashion, or whatever it may be, ordained that woman should never be without pins! Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins; a sharp truth not all unknown to the giddy and frolicsome.

Though dreading to approach my boxes, lest I should discover that the salt water had spoilt all my things, I nevertheless determined to visit the ship, and preserve what I could of my beautiful outfit. A pang shot through my heart when I thought of a certain white satin, made up—for I had provided against being married unawares in case of the officer coming off in the yam-boat. Allowing it to be preserved from the wrathful billows, of what avail would it be in such a place? Of what avail, indeed, any of my clothes, for who could see them! And when I thought of this, my tears flowed anew.

As I proceeded, my eyes beheld what, at the distance, they believed to be a monstrous eel. It is a fish I am prodigiously fond of; and I will own it, for the moment I forgot the horrors of my situation in the thought of my gratified palate. I ran to seize the prize, when, to my passing disappointment I discovered that what I thought to be an eel was nothing more than an india-rubber life-preserver, that had floated from the vessel. My better feelings were aroused, and I will not repeat what thanks I uttered for the accident.

Taking off my gown—for the flounces were very full, and therefore would hold much water, I put on the life-preserver, and made for the ship. It is true I was a good swimmer, and could have gained the vessel without any foreign aid; but I husbanded my strength, for I knew not what trials awaited me. Now and then I shivered as a flying-fish rose before me; for where flying-fishes were found, there, I had heard, were sharks; and my feet were wholly unprotected, the *Adelaide* boot being at that time wholly unknown. How strangely doth fear magnify circumstances! More than once I screamed at what I believed I felt to be an alligator—at the very greatest, perhaps, it was a shrimp. I

swam round and round the ship, looking for an easy place to get up. At length, I saw a bit of rope hanging out of the captain's window, and—always being a good climber—I was speedily in his cabin. The silence—the solitude appalled me. His pipe—relinquished when the breeze began to freshen—still lay upon the table. There was something about that pipe that—I know not why—affected me.

I crept from cabin to cabin: all was still. I sat down upon a bench, and was buried in reflection. Now my thoughts dwelt upon my sad condition, and now they wandered to the wardrobe and jewels of the female passengers: poor things! all removed from the toil and trouble of such vanities. Whilst thus occupied, I felt something rub against my knee. The thought electrically shot through me—“I am not alone, then. Is it the captain: is it the boatswain?” This, I say, was the thought of a second, and ere I could look about me. Then, casting my eyes downwards, I beheld a cat—the ship cat. Now, cats I had always treated with very distinguished contempt; believing them, in my maidenly superstition, the inevitable companions of single wretchedness. And as the animal continued to rub against me, and stare at me with—as somebody somewhere says of melancholy—its “green and yellow eyes,” and mew and mew, that its voice thrilled my heart-strings, I thought the creature cried, “Welcome, Miss Robinson, to old-maidhood; welcome forever to celibacy.” The idea was too much for me. I rose, and running and stumbling, reached my own cabin. There I found some water, and a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*. Equally mixing the liquids in a horn, I drank the beverage, and was revived considerably. Another and another libation put new heart into me, and I continued my search from place to place. My own boxes were safe, and—shall I ever forget the emotion that swelled my heart—dry. A canary-colored satin slip was, however, utterly ruined by the salt-water; though I thought that probably the surrounding country might furnish me with materials to dye it for common.

It was with some natural feelings of curiosity that I rummaged all the boxes of my late female companions. Could I choose my readers, I would not hesitate to name the many artifices of millinery that I discovered; the many falsehoods made of buckram, and wool, and wadding—and—but no; far be it from me to put a weapon in the hands of the male malignant. In every box I found a large supply of French slippers and shoes; but, of course, they were all much too big for me.

By dint of great exertion I got all these boxes upon deck. Had their weight been of anything else than beautiful dresses, I do not think I could have lifted it. But I know not what it was that put a mysterious power within me. I carried up trunk upon trunk as though it had been no more than a Tunbridge Wells work-box. “How happy,” thought I, “could I be with such a wardrobe, if anybody could see me wear it!”

In the steward's cabin there were all sorts of pickles and preserves, guava jelly, and preserved ginger. All these, and fifty other kinds of pleasant eatables, with—what could have prompted me to take it, I know not—one bottle of gin, I brought and set down upon the deck. My next thought was—and for a long time it puzzled me—how to get them ashore. But this I managed, as the reader shall learn.



## CHAPTER V.

By rummaging with all the earnestness and intelligence of my sex—and who, when she likes, *can* rummage like a woman!—I discovered, in the steward's store cabin, a crate full of life-preservers; a sufficient number to have saved the lives of the crew of what I think on the voyage I once heard called a three-decker. How they came to be forgotten in the hour of our peril, is only to be accounted for by the frequent truth, that we can rarely put our hands upon anything when we are in a hurry for it. (The reader who has ever mislaid her scissors, or any particular ball of cotton, will at once understand me.) Now, the life-preservers were exactly of the same sort as the one I found upon the beach. It immediately occurred to me, that by filling some fifty or more of them with air, and tying them together with tight string, I might make what is called a raft, upon which I might safely deposit the trunks, the band-boxes, and other valuables. With this thought I set to work; beginning with all my power to blow up every single article. Exhausted as I had been by the terrors of the previous night, this was no easy task. But perseverance was always my motto—as it should be that of every young woman setting out in life for a husband—and though I had had but a poor breakfast, I succeeded in perfectly well blowing up every one of the articles, and then flung every one of them overboard. Recruiting myself with another horn of *eau-de-cologne* and water, and some potted anchovies, found in the captain's cupboard, I again set to work to finish my task. I descended the ship's side, and with my preserver stull about my waist, with some tight string bound every piece of buoyant India-rubber close together. Returning to the ship I threw overboard a patent water-bed, which subsequently I laid upon the life-preservers, and very snug and comfortable it looked. I then moved trunk by trunk and box by box from the ship upon the raft: and who can know, who can understand, my delight, when I perceived that every box, though trusted to uncertain Neptune, remained as dry as a bone! For the sea was like glass; there was not spray enough to straighten the curls of a mermaid.

Whilst thus employed, securing my own boxes, and the boxes of the other lady passengers, I cast my eyes towards the shore. The tide, I perceived, had risen, and was carrying away my gown, with all its flounces. I felt a momentary pang; but, looking at the boxes on the raft, permitted myself to be comforted. Having first secured all the articles of wearing apparel, my next thought was to provide myself with a sufficient store of food. A few sides of bacon—stowed away in the steward's cabin—half-a-dozen hams, and all the pickles and preserves, with twenty packages of Embden Groats (for how, I thought, could I bear existence without, now and then, my gruel!) were, with much pain and labor, discovered, and safely placed upon the raft. A very beautiful mahogany case of surgical instruments—the *Ramo Samee* had advertised to carry a surgeon—providentially attracted my notice. This I also secured; and happy was it that I did so.

My next thought was to secure some weapons to protect me against the bears and lions that might already be in the island, or the savages that might visit it. The captain's pistols were in his cabin; and as nobody saw me, I took them down,

without even attempting to scream—which, I have no doubt, I should have done had anybody been present. A canister of powder, and a bag of shot about as big as pins'-heads, next rewarded my scrutinizing vigilance. I will not stay to number all the things secured, (many of them will immediately arise to the recollection of every housewife,) but state, that as I thought my raft pretty well furnished, I had nothing more to do than—as I have heard the sailors observe—shove off.

I again descended from the vessel, and was about to cut the string that secured the raft to the ship's side, when—the thought flashed upon me, and as I may say, with its brightness illuminated the very depths of my being—when I remembered that I had no looking-glass!

A woman, nursed in the lap, and dandled upon the knees of luxury, without a looking-glass! Imagine it—dwell upon it—is it possible for fate, in its worst malignity, more cruelly to punish her! When at home, with every blessing about me, I thought nothing of the chief delight, the happiness of sitting two or three hours before my mirror, trying here a patch and there a patch. Now limiting the furtive wanderings of an eyebrow—and now making pretty experiments with my hair, for all the world as they practise in Woolwich marshes—for more certain killing. I had heard something about “painting the rose, and giving a perfume to the violet,” and every morning, for two hours at least, determined to try if it could n't be done. I shall not, at this lapse of time, be accused of vanity when I declare that very often, as I then believed, I succeeded to a miracle.

To think of the looking-glass, and again to be on the ship's deck was, I may say, the same thing! As the poet says, “Like the darting swallow” I fled into the ladies' cabin, for there, I recollected, was a large gilt-framed mirror, nailed to the wall, with lions' claws (doves, not lions, ought to support looking-glasses; for what, in her innocence, knows woman of claws!) standing upon nothing. How to detach it, for it seemed to have been nailed up by a giant! Rummaging about, I found a chisel, with which—I know not how long—I labored, I shall never forget the various expression of my features in that looking-glass, as I worked and toiled. I looked red, and black, and angry, and savage; and still, in the very height and depth of my despair, I could not help pausing and asking if it could be possible that it was the same Miss Robinson reflected in the crystal, the very same that had so often “painted the rose, and perfumed the violet.” Again and again I thought I must leave the glass to the mermaids. And then the thought of breaking the glass, and at least rescuing the fragments, rose within me. And then I shuddered.

Nerved by a thimble full of *eau-de-cologne*, I resumed my task. How shall I describe my emotions, when I felt the first nail yield to the chisel! My face—I caught a look of myself—seemed to go off as it were in one tremendous smile, (often as I have since practised for the same look, I never could touch it.) Nail followed nail; and, not to weary the reader—for such person may be of the male sex—I folded the liberated mirror to my breast, as I released it from the wall. Had it not been a mirror I should have considered its weight quite insupportable; as it was, I felt it light—light, as somebody says who knew nothing about it—as vanity.

My next care was to place the glass upon the

raft. Very thick, and very violent, were the beatings of my woman's heart as I brought the mirror over the ship's side. No words, though bright as rainbows, can paint my feelings when I saw the glass safely lowered among my other goods. I sank upon the deck, and grateful tears ran, like rain-drops on cottage casements, down my cheeks. Finally recruiting myself for my great effort—to land my goods—I descended upon the raft—it bore me beautifully; and it was not without some pride that I gazed upon my valuables, so safely stowed, my looking-glass included.

Taking an oar in my hand—I had once, in an hour of childish hilarity, rowed a boat upon a lake, somewhere near Hornsey, so was not altogether unskilful in the management of skulls—I paddled, as some one once said to me (oh, memory! and oh, fate!) “like a little duck as I was.”

I steered towards a slit—a creek, I think it's called—in the shore: to avoid the billows that,

big as feather beds, were rolling over the rocks. Then I trembled for my raft; felt cold and hot, and hot and cold for my mirror. However, all went smoothly enough for a mile; and the more I paddled, the greater confidence I felt in my powers. Keeping—pardon the unfeminine expression—a sharp look out, I steered and paddled on; but knowing nothing of flats and shoals, my raft suddenly run aground on the edge of a rock or something. I merely shifted my oar; and, summoning all the energies of my soul, endeavored to shove off. And I did so. But judge of my despair—think of my horror! The raft violently moved, gave a sort of lurch: it communicated motion to one article—then to the next—then to the next—until, striking against my mirror, it sent it headlong (if I may use the word) headlong into the sea! After this loss, consider if you can, what were my reflections!

From Punch.

#### ON WHIPPING.

Nothing can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will, which has been exhibited by the Pekins of the public press, and a great body of civilian snobs in the country, towards the most beloved of our institutions; that institution, the health of which is always drank after the church at public dinners—the British army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon military snobs—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the war-like clubs, in messes, and other soldatesque societies: but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linen-draper's line should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter their shrill cries of horror at the account of the floggings at Hounslow—to suppose, I say, that society should make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much—the audacity of civilian snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the Pekins, and am authorized to say, after a conversation with Mr. Punch, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that the army must be protected.

The answer which is always to be made to the civilian snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable.—He knows nothing about it.—How the deuce can you speculate about the army Pekin, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusee?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the military papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite, before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of En-

sign and Lieutenant Grigg, of the Guards, Captain Famish, of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their time is passed in laborious military studies; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age! By the time Grigg is a colonel (and, to be sure knowledge grows much more rapidly in the guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a colonel at five-and-twenty,) and Famish has reached the same rank—these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the army; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they! These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent—snobish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier, as Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington! If the great captain of the age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have you to object! You're not flogged. You are a Pekin. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds, may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice; to submit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you; but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the great captain of the age would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the chiefs of the army, and the cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon in the tower, along with the boots and the thumb-screws of the Spanish Armada. But, say you, very likely the great captain of his age, the Duke of Alva, might have considered thumb-screws and boots just as necessary for discipline as the cat is supposed to be now. Pekin! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the articles of war, and remember that the majority of officers of the British army, from his grace down to Ensign Grigg, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane

When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the cat over him, not only men, but officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature: yes! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural: put a bayonet into a man's hand, he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman: very few men, of their own natural choice, would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as Colonel Whyte and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving-brush stuck by way of ornament in front: the whole system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran: we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way Ensign Grigg, just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five-and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men! There is as much social difference between Ensign Grigg and the big gladiator, as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of thousands of men eat, march, sleep, and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—Grigg and his clan riding by and superintending; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it: they are told to strip, and they do it: or to flog, and they do it: to murder or be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and two-pence a day for beer and tobacco. For nothing more:—no hope—no ambition—nor chance for old days, but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men, in time of war, when their labor is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed, that to cross it is next to a miracle. There was *one* Mameluke escaped when Mehemet Ali ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them; so certainly a stray officer or two *may* have come from the ranks, but he is a wonder. No: such an institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionably great. When the tipsy young lieutenant of the 4th dragoons cut at his adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well: when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the great captain of the age, who pardoned the gentleman offender. There

must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilian, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, *Mr. Punch* declares, to be said to other great commanders, and field-marshal besides the historic conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven! a field-marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august family field-marshal, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak:—

"Your royal highness," we say, "your royal highness, (who has the ear of the head of the army,) pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we entreat and implore that no English Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the cat. Say, that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier; and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if your royal highness, Prince Albert, will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say, that you will be the most beloved of field-marshals, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people and the British army, than ever was rendered by any field-marshal since the days of Malbrook."

#### A CASE FOR FEMALE SYMPATHY.

REALLY the ladies should get up an agitation in favor of the Queen of Spain. She has about twenty lovers, and is not allowed to marry one. France offers a husband whom she must not have for fear of displeasing Narvaez. Narvaez introduces a young Prince whom England does not like. England sends a member of that fine matrimonial country, Coburg, where princes are taught at school to sit upon thrones, and wield sceptres; but Louis Philippe says "No: the queen can't have a Bourbon, and she shan't have a Coburg." Portugal even recommends its candidate, whilst Carlos, Miguel, and Queen Christina have each a miserable *protégé*, who are continually proposing to Isabella, and being married regularly once a week—in the newspapers. But amidst all this confusion of opposition husbands, the poor queen is likely to die an old maid. She is not allowed to marry any one she likes, and every state is wishing her to marry some one she does not like. We propose, therefore, in order to end these differences, that there should be a royal election. Let all the princes go to the poll, and he who gets the greatest number of votes be returned husband of the Queen of Spain. We think, in a matter of this delicate nature, the ladies only should vote. What an animated scene it would be! We can imagine all the placards! "*Keine Bourbon.*" "*A bas le Cobourg.*" "*Vote for Prince Widdicomb, and a real moustache.*" "*Don Henrique and Spanish Liquorice.*" "*Le Duc de Montpensier, et beaucoup de Champagne.*" "*Le Prince des Asturies. Tous ses châteaux sont en Espagne.*"

Seriously, we hope some scheme will yet be devised to put an end to these petty squabbles about choosing a husband. One would really think that the queen had no voice in the matter. Considering she is the party the most interested, she ought to be allowed to do as she likes! Ladies, rally round the Queen of Spain and assert your rights!

*Punch.*



## THE HYDE PARK CORNER CLOCK.

To the nocturnal pilgrim passing out of the Great Metropolis, the clock over the Curds and Whey House used to be a sort of shrine—a species of minor Mecca, produced by mechanism. It was consoling to see the hour, and companionable to see the face of a friend, especially when that friend was continually extending both his hands in amiable amity. Lately, however, for some reason or other, which is of course no reason at all, the clock has not

“Smiled as it was wont to smile,”

for it has been impossible to see its face, or recognize its figure. The clock, which, under the influence of enlightenment, may be said to have

“Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,”

has latterly been exceedingly dingy after dark, and it is impossible to ascertain its meaning. For the sake, therefore, of the travellers to the “far west,” we earnestly call upon the gasman to light that clock, in the same spirit as the woodman was requested to spare that tree:—

Gasman, light that clock,  
The time I cannot see;  
It can't be more than twelve,  
And yet it looks like three!  
Its hands are all confused,  
Its numbers none can trace:  
Say, is that humble clock  
Ashamed to show its face?

It can't be very late:  
True—I've been out to sup;  
But, ho! what says the clock!  
Come, gasman, light it up.  
Say, can the mist be caused  
By fumes of generous wine?  
Is it three quarters past eleven,  
Or is it only nine?  
Is it half-after twelve,  
Or six, or eight, or two?  
That dismal rushlight kept inside  
No good on earth can do.  
When I go home to bed  
I'm quite afraid to knock  
If I've no notion of the hour—  
So, gasman, light that clock.

This dismal dial continues in the same state of hopeless want of enlightenment. If the clock is incapable of managing the works with which it is entrusted, let extra hands be put on immediately. It is, however, only at night that the clock shows symptoms of indisposition, for then an eruption breaks out all over the face, which exhibits such confusion that even Lavater would be puzzled to read its expression. Who may be the illumer of this illuminated clock we do not know, but it is enough to excite our ill-humor to see the dingy condition of this once bright and happy-looking dial. It has, however, lost the smile that once shed brilliance over its countenance.

Such were our reflections as we passed by Hyde Park Corner a night or two ago, when our feelings naturally took the form of the following ballad:—

Oh! smile as thou wert wont to smile  
Before the London air  
Had black'd thy face, and for a while  
Left only darkness there.

Some gas, perchance, 't were best to add—  
One little extra jet;  
With which—should some one wash your face—  
You may be useful yet.

Oh! do not name departed clocks,  
That were as bad as you:  
Though the Horse-Guard's the public mocks,  
With pale and sickly hue.  
Perchance, by sitting up all night,  
Weary and dull you get;  
But, with a little stronger light,  
You may be useful yet.

## A NEW ROMAN ROAD.

Ancient Romans, ancient Romans—  
Cato, Scipio Africanus,  
Ye whose fame's eclipsed by no man's,  
Publius Æmilianus,  
Sylla, Marius, Pompey, Cæsar,  
Fabius, dilatory teaser,  
Coriolanus, and ye Gracchi,  
Who gave so many a foe a black-eye,  
Antony, Lepidus, and Crassus;  
And you, ye votaries of Parnassus,  
Virgil, and Horace, and Tibullus,  
Terence and Juvenal, Catullus,  
Martial, and all ye wits beside,  
On Pegasus expert to ride;  
Numa, good king, surnamed Pompilius,  
And Tullus, eke 'yelept Hostilius—  
Kings, consuls, imperators, lictors,  
Prætors, the whole world's former victors,  
Who sleep by yellow Tiber's brink;  
Ye mighty manes—what d' ye think?  
The pope has sanctioned railway bills!  
And so the lofty Aventine,  
And your six other famous hills  
Will soon look down upon a “line.”  
Oh! if so be that hills could turn  
Their noses up, with gesture antic,  
Thus would the seven deride and spurn  
A Roman work so unromantic:—  
“Was this the ancient Roman way,  
With tickets taken, fares to pay,  
Stokers and engineers, perhaps—  
Nothing more likely—English chaps  
Bawling away, ‘Go on!’ for *Ita*,  
And ‘Cut along!’ instead of *Citò*;  
The engine letting off its steam,  
With puff and whistle, snort and scream;  
A smell, meanwhile, like burning clothes,  
Flouting the angry Roman nose?  
Is it not, conscript fathers, shocking?  
Does it not seem your memory mocking?  
The Roman and the railway station—  
What an incongruous combination!  
How odd, with no one to adore him,  
A Terminus—and in the Forum!”

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO SOLDIERS.—Meetings are held, and petitions presented, from time to time, against flogging in the army; in the mean while, soldiers are whipped to death. The costermonger is limited in the application of the lash; surely the commanding officer might be restrained a little. The donkey is a brute not so very much nobler than the private. Now if a costermonger were to take his donkey, tie it to a ladder nailed to a wall, and deliberately whip the skin off the creature's back, the miscreant

would be fined, or sent to the treadmill, amid the execrations of the mob. Yet thus may a court-martial treat a fellow-creature. But the one man is a costermonger and a blackguard; the others are officers and gentlemen. Still even officers, and gentlemen to boot, should not be allowed to behave exactly like fiends incarnate.

The law should not suffer them to torture poor soldiers to death. There really is required a Martin's act for the military. It is with the view of procuring some such an enactment that we recommend the formation of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soldiers. The Animals' Friend Society protects even the cat from man, but we want a society for protecting man from the cat.

## SLAVES IN SMOCK FROCKS.

## "MEASTER PUNCH:

"Plaze zur, I zee my likeness, or zomebody else's, the imidge o' me, draad 'tother day in your peeper, a poundun zummum in a doctor's pessul and martur. I be glad to vind you teaks zum account o' we poor country fellers, and if you 'll only goo on draaun true picturs on us, I 'll warrand you 'll do 's good. In the mane time, zur, I 'll meak so bold as to ax 'ee for a word of advice; hopun you wun't be 'fended at the liberty I be a takun of. I be a varmer's laborer. My wagis is in generl zevn shilluns a wake; zumtimes I med git aight or nine; but precious seldum. I 've got a wife—moor fool I—and a kit o' children, wuss luck! What we lives upon is mostly taters and zalt. We han't had a taste o' bhaacon for I dwooant know how long, nor a drap o' beer since last harvust whooam. We bides in a crazy ramshackle consarn of a cottidge, nare a mossle better than a cowus—nit so good. How much longer we can keep out o' the Union is moor than I can tell; it must come to that, I spose, in the end. This here 's a dull look out Measter Punch, baint it? Now, I 've heerd a good deal o' late 'bout nigger slavery; what a sin and a sheam 't is, and how the poor slaves be to be pitied. Here 's a lot o' fellers, wi' Lard Brougham at the head on 'em, as wun't buy their sugar cheap, nor, what's wuss, let me buy mine cheap neither; all 'cause they should n't encurridge the slave trade.

"What there is in a nigger to meak 'em take sitch a fancy to 'un, I dwooant know. I only wishes as how I was one; 'cause then praps they 'd take a fancy to me. Thof I be white, baint I a man and a brother too! What I wants your opinyun about, zur, is this here. Dwoant 'ee think, now, if I was to black my veace and goo hollern and bawlun my greevunses about street, I should stand moor chance o' beeen 'tended to? Or d'ye think I 'd better bide as I be, and git zum o' they good gennulmen as calls theyselves Poor Man's Friends to make a stir agin white slavery. I wish, Measter Punch, you 'd spake to zum on 'em vor me; your favourat, Ben Disraly, for instance. Could n't 'ee persuaid un to spoort a broadbrimm'd hat, and a quoad wi' a square taail, to gie un the cut o' the jib of a sart o' pantiler like, so as to git the Exeter Hall folks to listen to un? Thof 't would meak un look a bit of a Gy, that are ood be just the trim for un to spake a good word in, for

"Your obajunt Zarvunt,  
"MATHER WAY."

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## THE BALM OF SPEECH.

THE hum of insects, as they throng  
The summer sunbeam's glorious way;  
The soaring sky-lark's early song;  
The nightingale's mellifluous lay;—  
The murmur of the peaceful wave;  
The valley-breezes gently sighing;  
The wind's wild voice in mountain cave;  
And Echo from her cell replying;—  
The soft Æolian lyre, whose notes  
Upon the lonely musser rise;  
The church-bells' hallowed tone, that floats  
Like music from the distant skies;—

Could never make my spirit feel  
So rapt above this lower sphere,  
As when affection's accents steal,  
All musical, upon mine ear.

The harmonies of mortal art,  
And e'en of nature's varied strain,  
Ne'er touch, as when another's heart  
Reveals in words our own again.

Oh! may the melody of speech  
Sing to me, while on earth I rove;  
And may the last faint tones that reach  
My dying ear be those of love!

*Poetical Remains of a Clergyman's Wife.*

## NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came:  
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect, stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

*Blanco White.*

## "T is but degree

That marks the storm from the propitious gale—  
The torrent, from the fertilizing stream—  
This justice overurg'd grows tyranny.

## Now, they stand

Like frightened cattle that, beneath an oak,  
Had sought protection from the threatening storm,  
And find the forked lightning's earliest flash  
Strike even there where they had made their shelter.

There is a sadness of no kin to sorrow,  
And such, alone, is mine. Is it not sad,  
And yet how sweet, to sit in some close nook  
And hear the big rain patter on the trees?  
Or, listlessly, in some cool dell's recess,  
To mark the babbling of the tiny brook?  
Or, from the casement, watch the fading day  
Tinge, with its changeeful pencil, the gray clouds?  
When, if we chance to sigh, 'tis but to ease  
The heart o'erburthened with its sweet sensations.

*Lovell's Provost of Bruges.*

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE country girl, alone in the Brown Bear, had some slight twitchings of remorse. She felt it; she had very much slandered London and the Londoners. She had been taught—she had heard the story in fields and at fire-sides, seated in the shade of haystacks, and in winter chimney-corners—that London was a fiery furnace; that all its inhabitants, especially the males, were the pet pupils of the Evil One, and did his work with wonderful docility. And now, how much ignorance had departed from her! In an hour or two, how large her stock of experience! She was alone—alone in a London tavern; and yet she felt as comfortable, as secure of herself as though perched upon a Kent haycock. She had seen thousands of people; she had walked among a swarm of men and women, and nobody had even so much as attempted to pick her pocket; nobody had even snatched a kiss from her. With the generosity of a kind nature, she felt doubly-trustful that she had unjustly doubted. She was in a London hotel (poor hawthorn innocence!) and felt not a bit afraid; on the contrary, she rather liked it. She looked about the room: carefully, up and down its walls. No; there was not an inch of looking-glass to be seen. Otherwise she thought she might have liked to take a peep at herself; for she knew she must be a fright; and the young man would be back soon; and though she cared not a pin about him—how could she!—still, still she should have liked one look.

"What, my little girl, all alone!" asked a new-comer—as the young woman thought, a very rude, and ugly, and somewhat old man. "Got nobody with you, eh? Where's your parents?"

"I'm not alone, and that's enough," said the girl, and she fervently clutched her little bundle.

"Very well, my dear; would n't offend you, my lass; would n't?"

"I'm not your dear; and I don't want at all to be talked to by you." Saying this, the girl continued to grasp her property, and looked with very determined eyes in the harsh, ugly face of the old intruder. The fact is, the girl felt that the time was come to test her energy and caution. She had too soon thought too well of the doings of London. The place swarmed with wicked people, there was no doubt of it; and the man before her was one of them. He looked particularly like a thief as he looked at her bundle.

"That's right; quite right, my little wench. This is a place in which you can't be too particular," and saying this, Bright Jem—for it was the uncomely honesty of that good fellow's face that had alarmed the spinster—Bright Jem, with his mild, benevolent look, nodded, and passing to the further end of the room, seated himself in one of the boxes. And the girl felt more assured of his wickedness; and anxiously wished the return of that very nice young footman—that honest, sweet-spoken young man—so long engaged in converse with his aunt. Would he never come back? It was odd, but every moment of his absence endowed him, in the girl's mind, with a new charm. Bright Jem was all unconsciously despoiled of every good quality, that his graceless relative, Ralph Gum, might be invested with the foreign excellence.

Hark! a footstep. No; it is not the footman: he still tarries with his aunt. It is Jerry Whistle, the Bow-street officer, with his daily flower between his lips; his happy face streaked like an

apple; and his cold, keen, twinkling eye that seemed continually employed as a search-warrant, looking clean through the bosoms of all men. He paused before the girl, taking an inventory of her qualities. And she, to repel the boldness of the fellow, tried to arm herself with one of those thunderbolt looks that woman in her dignity will sometimes cast about her, striking giants off their legs and laying them in the dust forever. Poor thing! it was indignation all in vain. She might as well have frowned at Newgate stones, expecting to see them tumble, as think to move one nerve of Jerry Whistle. Medusa, staring at that officer, would have had the worst of it, and bashfully, hopelessly let drop her eyelids. And so it was with the country maiden. Jerry still stared: leaving the girl nothing to do but to wonder at his impudence. At length, however, Mr. Gum enters the room; and Jerry, glancing at him, and, as the girl thought, very much awed by his presence, instantly moves away.

"Well, I'm so glad you're come!" cried the girl, and her eyes sparkled, not unnoticed by the footman.

"Sorry, my daffydil, to keep you waiting; but aunt is such a 'oman for tongue. A good cretur though; what I call a reg'lar custard of a 'oman; made o' nothing but milk and spice and sugar."

"What! and no eggs! Pretty custards they'd be" cried the girl, with a smile of pity for the detected ignorance.

"That's like you women," said Mr. Gum, playfully twitching the girl's bonnet-string; "you can't allow for a bit of fancy: always taking a man up, and tying him to particulars. Well, you are a rose-bud, though!"

"Never mind: I know that: let us go to Mary Axe," and the girl vigorously retied her bonnet-strings, and stood bolt up.

"In a minute. Just half-a-mouthful of brandy and water atween us; just no more than would fill the eye of a little needle. You can't think what a lot of morals my aunt always talks: and you can't think how dry they always make me. Now, don't shake your dear little head as if it was of no use to you: I tell you, we must have a little drop, and here it is." (And Mr. Gum spoke the truth.) "I ordered it as I came in."

"Not a blessed drop—I won't, that I won't, as I'm a sinner," cried the girl with feminine emphasis.

"A sinner! There never was a cherub on a tombstone like you. I should like to hear anybody call you a sinner—'t would be a bad day's work for 'em, I can tell you. Now, just a drop. Well, if you won't drink, put your lips to the edge of the glass, just to sugar it."

"Well, what a cretur you are!" said the girl; and with cheeks a little flushed, she took a bird's one sip of the liquor.

"Ha! now it's worth drinking," cried Ralph; and he backed his opinion by taking a long draught. "And now," said he, staring full in the girl's face, and taking her hand, "and now, as a particular favor, I want you to tell me one thing. Just one private question I have to put. Look in my eyes, and tell me what you think of love."

"Go along with your rubbish!" exclaimed the girl; at once cutting the difficulty of a definition. Love! Rubbish! She knew it not; but the wench spoke with the tongue of old philosophy. She gave a homely expression to the thoughts of sages, anchorites and nuns. The shirt of hair; the iron



girdle; the flagellating thong, all declare the worthlessness of love. "Love is rubbish" chants the shaven monk; and the like treason breathes the white-lipped sister, and sometimes thinks it truth. The words are writ on monastery, convent walls, though dull and dim-eyed folks without do not believe them; and—perverse is man!—turn from the silver music of the syllables for jangling marriage-bells.

"Ain't you ateard the roof will tumble on you? Love rubbish! Why, it's what I call the gold band about natur's hat"—for liquor made the footman metaphorical. "Love, my slip of lavender, love is!"

"I don't want to know nothing about it, and I won't stay a minute longer from Mary Axe." And again the girl stood up, and began to push her way from the box, Mr. Ralph Gum refusing to give place, at the same time lifting the teaspoon from the glass, and vainly menacing her with it in the very prettiest manner.

"Well, my peppermint, you shall go; to be sure you shall. There now"—And with determined swallow, Mr. Gum emptied the glass to prove his devotedness to her will. "We'll pay at the bar, my poppy. Don't forget your bundle. Got your best things in it, eh? Don't forget it, then."

A smile, with something of contempt in it, played about the maiden's lip. Forget it!—as if any woman ever forgot a bundle, the more especially when it contained any of those vestments that, looked upon with thoughtful, melancholy eyes, are only flowing, shining proofs of a fallen state, though the perverse ingenuity of the sex contrives to give a prettiness to the livery of sin, to the badges of our lapsed condition. When we remember that both sorts of millinery, male and female, are the consequences of original wickedness, ought not the manly heart to shrink, and feel a frog-like coldness at an embroidered waistcoat? Ought not woman, smitten with the recollection of the treason of her great mother, to scream even at the rustling of a pompadour, as at the moving scales of a gliding snake? She ought; but we fear she seldom does. Nay, sometimes she actually loves—determinedly loves—fine clothes, as though she had first waked in Paradise, like a queen from a siesta, in velvet and brocade, with jewels in her hair, and court plaster stars upon her cheek. With heart-breaking perverseness, she refuses to admit the naked truth to her soul, that the milliner came into the world with death. Otherwise, could philosophy with its diamond point engrave this truth upon the crystal heart of woman, it would very much serve to lessen pin-money. We have heard it said—of course we immediately wrapt our countenance in our cloak, and ran from the slanderer—that woman fell for no other purpose than to wear fine clothes. In the prescience which she shared with man she saw the looms of the future world at work, and lost herself for a shot sarnet. It is just as possible, too, that some of her daughters may have tripped at the window of a mercer.

We cannot at this moment put our finger upon the passage, but surely it is somewhere written in the Talmud, that Eve, on leaving Eden, already took with her a choice and very various wardrobe. We have entirely forgotten the name of the writer who gives a very precise account of the moving. Nevertheless, many of the details are engraved—as with pen of iron upon rock—on our heart. First

came a score of elephants; they, marching with slow pace, carried our first mother's gowns bestowed in wicker-work. To a hundred and fifty camels were consigned the caps and kerchiefs. And our author, we remember, compassionately dwells upon a poor dromedary—one of two hundred—that, overladen with bonnet-boxes, refused to get upon his legs until the load was lightened by half, and another hunchbacked beast appointed to share the burden. Whole droves of ponies, that have since made their way to Wales and Shetland, carried shoes and silk stockings, (with the zodiac gold-worked for clocks,) and ruffs and wimples, and farthingales and hoods, and all the various artillery that, down to our day, from masked batteries aim at the heart of heedless, unsuspecting, ingenuous man—weapons that, all unseen, do sometimes overthrow him! And in this way, according to the Talmudist, did Eve move her wardrobe into the plain country; and in so very short a time—so active is woman, with her heart like a silkworm, working for fine clothes—did our first mother get about her, what she, with natural meekness called, only a few things, but which Adam—and at only the nine thousandth package, with an impatient sulkiness that we fear has descended to some of his sons—denominated a pack of trumpery. If women, then, are sensitive in the matter of bundles, they inherit their tenderness from their first rosy mother. And our country wench, though we think she had never read the Talmud, had an instinctive love for the fine clothes she carried with her.—An instinct given her by the same beneficent law that teaches parrots and cockatoos to preen their feathers.

Whilst, with profane fingers—like an allowed shopman—we have twiddled with the legendary silks and muslins, and other webs the property of Eve; whilst we have counted the robe-laden elephants, and felt our heart melt a little at the crying, eloquent pathos of the bonnet-crushed dromedary, Mr. Ralph Gum has paid for his liquor, and, his heart generous with alcohol, has stept into Bow-street. Glowing with brandy and benevolence, he heroically observed—"Never mind the bundle. I don't care if any of our folks do see me. So, my heart's honeysuckle, take my arm." And, with little hesitation—for now they could not be very far from St. Mary Axe—the girl linked herself to that meek footman. "Don't know what place this is, of course! Covent-garden market, my bluebell. This is where we give ten guineas a pint for green peas, and"—

"Don't they choke you?" cried the wench, astounded at what she thought a sinfulness of stomach.

"Go down all the sweeter," answered the epicurean vassal. "When they get to ten shillings a peck, they're out of our square altogether; only fit for pigs. Noble place, isn't it? Will you have a nosegay? Not but what you're all a nose-gay yourself; nevertheless, you shall have something to sweeten you; for that Mary Axe—well, I wouldn't set you against it—but for you to live there; you, a sweet little cretur that smells of nothing but cow's breath and new-mown hay;—why, it's just murder in a slow manner. So do have a nosegay;" and Mr. Gum insisted upon disbursing threepence for a bunch of wallflowers, which, against his wish and intention—she herself placed in her bosom. Then he said: "I do pity you, going to Mary Axe."

"But I'm not a going to stay there," said the

girl: "no—I'm only going to see master, and he's to take me into the country, to live with such a sweet young lady."

"Well, there'll be a couple of you," said Ralph, "I'm blessed if there wont. And whereabouts!"

"That's telling," replied the girl; as though she stored up a profound secret in her heart, that it would take at least five minutes for Ralph's pick-lock tongue to come at. This Ralph felt, so said no more about it.

"And here, in this place, we make our members for Westminster—things for parliament, you know."

"How droll! What should they bring 'em like turnips to market for?" inquired the wench, wondering.

"Don't you know! Because they may be all the nearer the bad 'tatoes and the cabbage stumps. That's what our porter tells me is one of the rights of the constitution; to pelt everybody as puts himself up to go into parliament. Well, I've been done out of a nice chance, I have," said the footman, with sudden melancholy.

"What do you mean? Not lost anything?" and the girl looked sweetly anxious.

"Ain't I, though? You see, his lordship, my young master, went and stood in the country; and I could n't go down with him. Now, if he'd only put up for Westminster, I'd just have come here in plain clothes, and dressing myself as if I was a blackguard, should n't he have known what bad 'tatoes was!"

"Why, you wicked eretur! you would n't have thrown 'em at him?"

"Oh, would n't I though!" cried Mr. Gum, and he passed his tongue round his lips, enjoyingly.

"What for? Is he sich a wicked master—sich a very bad man?" inquired the girl.

"Don't know that he is. Only you can't think what a pleasure it is to get the upper hand of high folks for a little while; and 'tatoes and cabbage stumps do it. It's a satisfaction, that's all," said the footman.

"I won't walk with you—not another step," and the wench angrily withdrew her arm.

"There you go, now; there you go. Just like all you women; if a man makes a harmless joke—and that's all I meant—you scream as if it was a flash of lightning. Bless you! I'd go to the world's end for my master, even if I never was to see him again. That I would, my sprig of parsley."

"Is this the way to Mary Axe? If I'm not there directly, I'll ask somebody else."

"Just round this turning, and it's no way at all." And Mr. Gum went through the market, and through street after street, and threaded two or three courts, the girl looking now impatient, now distrustful. At length Ralph paused. "My dear, if I have n't left something at my aunt's! In that house, there; just step in a minute, while I call for it."

"No, I shan't," answered the wench, with a determination that somewhat startled Mr. Gum. "I shan't go into any house at all, afore I come to Mary Axe. And if you don't show me the way directly, I'll scream."

"Why, what a little sweet-briar you are! Don't I tell you, my aunt lives there? A nice, good old soul, as would be glad to see you—glad to see anybody I brought to her. I tell you what, now,

if I must say the truth, I told her what a nice girl you was; and how you was waiting for me; and the good old 'oman began to scold me; and asked me why I did n't bring you here. I shan't stop a minute—not a minute."

The girl looked up in Ralph's face; looked up so trustingly, and again so innocently placed her arm in his, that that great-hearted footman must have felt subdued and honored by the confidence of his companion. And so he was about to hand her across his aunt's threshold—he was about to bring her face to face with that venerable, experienced, yet most mild woman—when, suddenly, he felt his right ear seized as by a pair of iron pincers, and the next moment he felt himself spinning round and round; and the very next moment he lay tumbled in a heap upon the pavement. His heart bursting with indignation, he looked up, and—somehow, again he felt another tumble, for he saw in his assailant Bright Jem, his mother's brother-in-law; the meddlesome, low fellow, that had always taken it upon himself to talk to him. A few paces distant, too, was Mr. Whistle, Bow street officer, serenely turning his flower between his lips, and with both his hands in his pockets, looking down upon the footman as though he was of no more account than a toadstool. Of course, the girl screamed as the assault was committed; of course, for a few moments her rage against the ruffian—the ugly man who had, and so like his impudence, spoken to her at the Brown Bear—was deep and womanly. But suddenly the face of Mr. Gum grew even a little darker; and the wench, though no scholar, read treason in every black line. Hence, with growing calmness she beheld Mr. Gum elaborately rub himself, as he slowly rose from the pavement.

"Who spoke to you? What did you do that for?" Such was the poor platitude that the smitten footman uttered: for guilt was at his heart; detection weighed upon him, and he could not crow.

"Does n't his aunt live here?" cried the girl. "He said it was his aunt that wanted to see me?"

"The only aunt he ever had," said Bright Jem, "is in heaven; and—I know it—she's a blushing for him this very minute. I say, Whistle, could n't we help him to a little Bridewell for all this?"

Mr. Whistle, shifting his flower to the corner of his mouth, was about to say something; but it was clear that Mr. Gum had not at the moment either taste or leisure to attend to legal opinions. He therefore took to his heels; and he never ran so fast, because, perhaps, he never felt so little as he ran.

"Now, was n't I right, Whistle? And did n't I say that there was mischief in him? And was n't it lucky we followed him from the Bear? Well, he has a nice crop of early wickedness, has n't he?" Thus spoke Bright Jem, with a face of wonder. Mr. Whistle, however, was in no way disconcerted or astonished. He was one of those unfortunate people—though he himself considered his happy superiority to arise from the circumstance—who had seen so much wickedness, that any amount or eccentricity of evil failed to surprise him. He therefore twirled the flower in his mouth, and remarked a little plaintively—"Why was you so quick? If you'd only had patience, we might have sent him to Bridewell; and now, you've spoilt it all—spoilt it all." With these

words, and a brief shadow of disappointment on his brow, the officer departed.

"Poor little soul!" cried Jem, taking the girl's hand, and looking paternally in her face—"where did you come from—and where are you going to? Come, you'll answer me, now, wont you?"

"I come from Kent, and I'm going to Mary Axe. That young man, I thought, was taking me the way!"

"Poor little lamb! You would n't think he was old enough for so big a villain; but somehow, he's been reared in a hot-bed, and has spindled up 'stonishingly. He's my wife's sister's child, and I will say this for his father; he was as good and as honest a nigger as ever a Christian white man stole to turn a penny with. But we can't send goodness down from father to son; it can't be willed away, like the family spoons. 'Virtue,' as Mr. Capstick says, 'like vice, does n't always descend in a right line; but often goes in a zig-zag.'"

The girl was an attentive listener; but we fear did not very perfectly understand the uttered philosophy. She, however, felt that she had been snatched from peril by the interference of the odd and ugly-looking man before her, and gratitude and confidence stirred in her woman's heart. "Bless you, sir; I was very uncivil, but I thought that is—I'm in such a tremble—can you take me to Mary Axe? I'm going to a place. Perhaps you know the gentleman—Mr. Snipeton? I mean Mrs. Snipeton, his beautiful young wife!"

Jem stared, and marvelled at the strangeness of the accident. He, however, owned to no acquaintance with the fortunate owner of the lady. "Take my arm," he said, "and I'll leave you at the very door." With this Jem proceeded onward, and at length turned into Long Acre. Passing the door of Capstick—for we believe we have already informed the reader that the member for Liquorish had taken humble lodgings in that district—the door opened, and the senator himself, with no less a person than Mr. Tangle, attorney-at-law, advanced to the threshold.

"Eh, Jem! What's this! A thing from the buttercups! Where did you pick it up?" cried Capstick. Now the wench was no grammarian, yet she seemed to have a born knowledge that "it" applied to one of the female gender was alike a violation of grammar and good-breeding. Therefore she echoed "it" between her teeth, with of course a significant tossing of the head.

Jem observed the working of the feminine mind, and immediately whispered to the girl—"He's my master and a member of parliament; but the best cretur in the world." Jem then in a bold voice informed the senator that "the young 'oman was come up from the country to go to service at Mr. Snipeton's."

"Bless me! what a very strange accident! Come to Mr. Snipeton's, eh? How very odd!" cried Tangle, feeling that he ought to speak.

In the mean time Bright Jem, with commendable brevity, whispered to Capstick the history of his meeting with the gentle wayfarer. "Well, and she looks an innocent thing," said Capstick, his face scarlet with indignation at Jem's story. "She looks innocent; but after all, she's a woman, Jem; and women can look whatever they like. They've a wonderful way of passing pocket-

pieces for virgin gold. I don't believe any of 'em; nevertheless, Jem, run for a coach; and as Mr. Tangle and myself are going to Snipeton's, we can all go together. I dare say, young woman, you're tired of walking! You look so; if, as I say, looks are anything. Jem, run for the coach. Come up stairs." And with this invitation, Capstick gently clasped the arm of the maiden—a little awe-struck that she felt the pressure of that mysterious, solemn creature, a live member of parliament—and led her, ascending, to his room. Mr. Tangle followed, much scandalized at the familiarity of the legislator; and fortifying himself with the determination, not, without a vehement remonstrance, to ride in the same hackney-coach with a maid-of-all-work.

Mr. Capstick had, he was accustomed to declare, furnished his room with a vigilant eye to his duties as a member of parliament. Over his mantelpiece was *Magna Charta*, framed and glazed. "A fine historic fiction," he would say; "a beautiful legend; a nice sing-song to send men to sleep, like the true and tragical history of Cock Robin chanted to children." He was wont to chuckle mightily at the passage—a fine stretch of fancy he would call it—about "selling or deferring justice," and vow it ought to be written in blood-red letters in the court of chancery. "There is fine, grave comedy, in this sheet, sir; an irony that strengthens the nerves like a steel draught. They ought to hang it up on board the *Tower Tender*; 't would make pretty reading for the free-born Englishman, kidnapped from wife and children to fight, and to be cut into a hero to vomit songs about, by the grace of the cat." And in this irreverent, rebellious fashion would the member for Liquorish talk of *Magna Charta*. He called it a great national romance; and never failed to allude to it as evidence of the value of fine fiction upon a people. "Because it ought to be true," he would say, "they think it is."

And the misanthrope member had odd nicknack toys; and all, as he said, to continually remind him of his duties as a senator and a citizen. He had a model of George the Third's new drop in mahogany. "One of the institutions of my country," he would say, "improved under the reign of my gracious sovereign. Some folks hang up the royal portrait. Now I prefer the works of a man to his looks. Every ordinary morning I bow once to that engine as a type of the wisdom and philanthropy of a Christian land; once on common occasions, and three times on hanging-days." Besides this, he had a toy pillory; with a dead mouse fixed, and twirling in it. "And when I want an unbending of the immortal mind within me—by the way," Capstick once said to Tangle, "what a bow we do sometimes make of the immortal mind, the better to shoot at one another with—when I want to unbend a little, I place the pillory before me, and pelt the mouse with cherry-stones and crumbs. And you would n't believe it, but it does me quite as much good—quite as much—as if the dead mouse was a living man, and the stones and crumbs were mud and eggs."

There were other fantastic movables which, for the present, we must pass. Mr. Capstick, to the astonishment of Tangle, approached a corner cupboard, taking therefrom a decanter of wine and a glass. "You are tired, young woman; and sometimes a little of this—just a little—is medicine to the weary." He then poured out the wine; which the wench obediently swallowed. Had it



been the most nauseous drug, there was such a mixture of kindness and authority in the manner of the member of parliament—the physis must have gone down.

“Mr. Capstick, one word,” said Tangle, and he drew the senator to a corner of the room. “Doubtless, I made a mistake. But you know we have important business to transact: and no, you never intend to go to Mr. Snipeton’s in the same coach with that gentleman’s maid-of-all-work?”

“She won’t bite, will she?” asked Capstick.

“Bite!” echoed Tangle.

“Coach is at the door, sir,” said Bright Jem, entering the room.

“Go you first,” said Capstick to Tangle in a tone not to be mistaken; “I’ll bring the young woman.” And if Tangle had been really a four-footed dog, he would, as he went down stairs, have felt a great depression of the caudal member, whilst the senatorial muffin-maker tript after him with the ignominious maid-of-all-work.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

For some days Snipeton had half resolved to surprise his wife with a present; a dear and touching gift—the miniature of her father. Again and again he had determined upon the graceful act; and as often put the expensive thought aside—trod the weakness down as an extravagant folly. And then it would occur to his benevolence, that he might make a bargain with himself, and at the same time impart a pleasure to his spouse. The miniature was enriched with diamonds; first-water gems, he knew, for he had lent gold upon them; though his wife—at the time of the loan she was yet unmanacled—was unconscious of the ready money kindness. Her father had withered, died, in the clutch of the usurer; who still cherished the portrait of the dead man—it was so very dear to him. The picture had been a bridal present to Clarissa’s mother; it had lain warm in her wedded bosom; though Snipeton, when he grasped the precious security, knew nothing of its history. Well, he would certainly delight Clarissa with this sweet remembrance of her father. She knew not of its existence, and would bless and love her husband for his sudden goodness. He would give the wife the miniature; it was settled: he would do it. “What! with the diamonds?” cried Snipeton’s careful genius, twitching his heartstrings, to pull him up in his headlong course. “With the diamonds, Ebenezer Snipeton! Are you grown lunatic—doting? Diamonds, eternal diamonds—diamonds everlasting as the sun—the spiritualized essence of Plutus—diamonds for one flickering look; for one sick smile from withering lips! Have you forgotten the worth of wealth? Lost man! are you suddenly dead to arithmetic? Give diamonds to your wife! Pooh! pooh! As women love anything that glitters—and as moreover they love Jack-o’-lanthorns just as well as heaven’s own stars—don’t throw away the real treasure; but mock it; sham it; pass off a jeweller’s lie, and let the picture blaze with the best and brightest paste. He’s a fool who throws pearls to pigs, and thinks the pork will eat the richer for the treasure. He’s no less a fool who showers diamonds upon his wife when, knowing no better, paste will make her just as grateful.” And Snipeton gave all his ears to this scoundrel genius, that lived in his heart like a maggot in a nut, consuming and rotting it. There were times,

though, when the genius slept; and then Snipeton—ignorant, unadvised man—was determined to be honest, generous. He would not countenance the fraud of false setting. No; his bird of Paradise; his lamb; his darling Clarissa; the queen flower in his life’s garden—for she was this and all of these—should have the diamonds. Besides, if given to her, they were still his own; for according to the sweet rights of a husband, property so bestowed—with no parchment to bind it—might at any time be reclaimed by the lawful lord. After all, it was but lending his wife the diamonds; though—gentle simpleton!—she might still be tickled with the thought that they were wholly hers.

It was the morning after the visit of Crossbone; and Snipeton, seated betimes at his cottage window—his eye first wandering among some flowers—his wife’s only children as he once bitterly called them—and at length fixed upon the labor of a bee that toiled among the blossoms, taking sweet percentage for its honey bank: it was at such a time that Snipeton again pondered on the diamonds. Again he revolved the special pleading of his thrifty genius; again attended to the counter-reasoning of his affections; allowing that he had them, and again allowing that affections do reason. He watched the bee—conscientious porter!—load itself to its utmost strength, and then buzz heavily through the casement. The insect had taken all it could carry. Wise, frugal, man-teaching insect. No: Snipeton would not give the diamonds. He would keep all he could: in his own grasp. All. And the determination, like a cordial, mightily comforted him.

At this moment Clarissa entered the room from her chamber. Snipeton suddenly rose as to an angelic visitor. His wife looked so beautiful—so very beautiful. With such new sweetness in her face; such beaming mildness in her eyes; there was such grace in her motion, that love and vanity swelled in the old man’s heart; and his hand strangely trembled as it greeted her. His prudential genius was on a sudden paralyzed and dumb. Clarissa looked at her husband, as he thought, never before so lovingly—and for the moment, the miser glowed with the prodigal.

“Why, you are better, love; much better. Even Crossbone’s talk has revived you. Ha! and we’ll have this horse, and straightway: and—the rose of my life will bloom again. Look here, my love.” It was done: even at the last one spasm of the heart it cost, but it was over. The miniature—that diamond-circled piece of ivory and paint—was in Clarissa’s hand. Astonished, happy, she said no word, but kissed the sudden gift; again and again kissed it, and her tears flowed. “I have often thought—indeed, have long determined to give it you,” cried Snipeton.

“Thank—thank you, dear sir. Indeed, you have made me very happy,” answered his wife.

His wife! Did she answer like his wife! Was it the voice of his twin soul—did the flesh of his flesh move with her lips! Was it his other incorporate self that spoke? Did he listen to the echoes of his own heart; or to the voice of an alien! When the devil jealousy begins to question, how rapid his interrogations!

“I tell you,” said Snipeton, “I repeat—I have all along determined that you should have it; in good season, have it. Your father’s picture, who with so great a right to it! He told me ‘twas once your mother’s. She wore it, till her death.

Poor thing! He must have loved her very dearly. When he spoke of her, and never willingly, he would tremble as with the ague." Clarissa bowed her head; was silent; and again kissed the picture. "This fondness—these tears, Clarissa, must—if spirits know such matters—be precious to your father, now once more joined with your mother in heaven. Why, what's the matter! So pale—so lily white; what is it, love!"

"Nothing, sir; nothing but the surprise—the joy at this gift," faintly answered Clarissa.

"Well, I see it has delighted you. I hoped so. Much delighted you: very much. You have kissed the picture fifty times, Clarissa. Is it not fifty—or have I falsely counted! Tell me. Fifty—is it not!"

"I cannot tell, sir"—replied the wife, timidly. "Can they—ought they to be counted!"

"Why—but then, I am a cold arithmetician—I can count them; at least, all that fall to my lips. Can you not tell the number vouchsafed to the gift! Strange! I can count, aye, every one, bestowed upon the giver." Mournfully, and with some bitterness did Snipeton speak. His wife, with a slight tremor—suppressed by strong, sudden will—approached him. Pale, shuddering victim! with mixed emotions fighting in her face, she bowed her head, and placing her cold arms about the old man's neck, she closed her eyes, and kissed his lips.

"Indeed, sir, I thank you. Pardon me; indeed I thank you for this and all your goodness." She felt relieved: she had paid the demanded debt.

And Snipeton—poor old man!—was he made happy by that caress! How much real love was in it! How much truth! How much hypocrisy! Or at the best, enforced obedience! It came not from the heart: no; it wanted blood and soul. It was not the fiery eloquence of love, telling a life's devotion with a touch. It was not that sweet communing of common thoughts, and common affections; that deep, that earnest, and yet placid interchange of wedded soul with soul. In his heart, as in a crucible, the old man sought to test that kiss. Was it truth or falsehood! And as he pondered—how mysteriously are we fashioned!—a thing of forty years ago rose freshly to his mind. What brought it there!—yet, there it was. The figure, the face of one who with proved perjury at his lips kissed the book, swearing the oath was true.

Clarissa saw her husband suddenly dash with gloomy thoughts. They reproached her; and, instinctively, she returned to the old man's side, and laying her hand upon his brow—had the hand been a sunbeam, it had not lighted the face more suddenly, brightly—she spoke to him very tenderly: "Are you not well, sir?"

"Quite well; always well, Clarissa, with you at my side—with you as even now." And she looked so cheerful, yes, so affectionate—he had wronged her. He was a fool—an exacting fool—with no allowance for the natural reserve, the unconquerable timidity, of so gentle a creature. "And, as I was saying, you are better; much better; and we'll have this horse; and—but, Clary, love, we have forgotten breakfast." Resolved upon a full meal, Snipeton moved to the table; and whilst he strove to eat, he talked quite carelessly, and, by the way, of a matter that a little disturbed him. "And how do you find Mrs. Wilton, eh, dearest?"

Clarissa, with troubled looks, answered—"Find her, sir! Is she not all we could wish?"

"Oh, honest, quiet, and an excellent housekeeper, no doubt. Do you know her story?"

"Story, sir!" and Clarissa trembled as she spoke. "What story?"

"Her story! Has she not one! Everybody, it's my opinion, has; but here's the rub: everybody won't tell it, can't tell it, musn't tell it. Is it not so?"

"It is never my thought, sir; my wish to question your experience. You know the world, you say. For my part, I never wish to know it. My hope is, to die in my ignorance."

"True; you are right; I would have it so. For it is a knowledge that—but no matter. My learning shall serve for both. Well, she never told you her story!" With this, Snipeton looked piercingly at his wife, who at first answered not. At length she asked, "Do you know it, sir?"

"No: but it is plain she has a story. I am firm in the faith."

"Some grief—some sacred sorrow, perhaps," said Clarissa. "We should respect it: should we not?"

"Why, grief and sorrow are convenient words, and often do duty for sin and shame," cried Snipeton.

"Sin and shame are grief and sorrow, or should be so," replied Clarissa, mournfully.

"Humph! Well, perhaps they are. However, Mrs. Wilton's story is no affair of ours," said Snipeton.

"Assuredly not," cried Clarissa, quickly.

"But her melancholy is. 'Tis catching; and infects you. Her bad spirits, her gloom, seem to touch all about her with mildew. A bad conscience—or a great grief—'t is no matter which, throws a black shadow about it; and to come at once to my meaning, Clarissa, I think Mrs. Wilton had better quit."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Clarissa. "'T would break her heart—it would, indeed, sir."

"It's wonderful how long people live, aye, and enjoy themselves, too, with broken hearts, Clarissa. I've often thought broken hearts were like broken china: to be put nicely together again, and—but for the look of the thing—to be quite as useful for all house-work as before. Now Mrs. Wilton's heart—"

"Do not speak of it. If—if you have any love for me, sir"—cried Clarissa.

"If I have love! Well, what think you! Have I not—even a few minutes since—given good proof!" It was somewhat distasteful to the old man, that after the gift of such diamonds, his love could be doubted. He had better have listened to his good, his wise, his profitable genius, and presented paste. How many wives—however badly used and industriously neglected—would still bestow their love! Now he, even with diamonds, could not buy it. For his wife to doubt his love, was to refuse her own. This his philosophy made certain. And this, after the diamonds!

"Nay, I am sure of your love, sir; certain; most confident," said Clarissa, very calm in such assurance. "And therefore you will refuse me nothing. Eh, dear sir!"

Again Snipeton's heartstrings relaxed again, listening to the music of the enchantress, his darker thoughts began to pass away, and his soul enjoyed new sunlight. "Nothing—nothing," he said, "that is healthful."

"Then promise me that Mrs. Wilton shall remain. Indeed, you know not how much I have

learned of her; how much she loves me; how much she respects you."

"Respect is a cold virtue, I know, Clarissa; very cold. Now, with her 'tis freezing. I sometimes think she looks at me, as though—but I'll say no more. She blights your spirits; darkens your thoughts with her sorrow or her sin, or whatever it may be; and in a word, she shall stay no longer. I am resolved."

"Blights me! Darkens my thoughts! Oh, sir, I would you heard her talk. I would you knew the pains she takes to make me happy; to make me cheerful; to place all things in the happiest light, shedding, as she does, the beauty of her spirit over all. Doubtless, she has suffered, but"—

"But—but she goes. I am resolved, Clarissa; she goes. Resolved, I say."

And Ebenezer Snipeton struck the table with his fist; and threw himself back in his chair, as, he believed, a statue of humanity, hardened by resolution into flint. And very proud he felt of the petrefaction. Nor lightnings, nor thunderbolts should melt nor move him.

Clarissa—her suit was for a mother—rose from her chair, and stood beside her husband's. She threw her arms about his neck. Flint as he was, he felt they were not so lumpish, clay-like as when last they lay there. "Dear sir; you'll not refuse me this! You'll not refuse me!" And Clarissa for once looked full in the eyes of her husband.

"Resolved," said Snipeton, thickly; and something rose in his throat. "Resolved."

"No; no. You must promise me—you shall not leave me without," and the arms pressed closer; and the flint they embraced became soft as any whetstone. "You will not deprive me of her solicitude—her affection!" Snipeton answered not; when Clarissa—in such a cause, what cared she for the sacrifice!—stooping, kissed her husband with a deep and fervent affection for her mother. And the statue was suddenly turned to thrilling flesh; had the old man's heart been stuck with thorns, his wife's lips would have drawn them all away, and made it beat with burning blood. The man was kissed for an old woman; but he set the rapture to his own account, and was directly rich with imaginary wealth. Need we say the man consented! What otherwise could strong resolution do?

A new man, with a newer, brighter world beaming about him, Snipeton that day departed from his rustic home to St. Mary Axe. His wife seemed to travel with him, he was so haunted by her looks of new-born love. And now he hummed some ancient, thoughtless song; and now he smacked his lips, as with freshened recollection of the touch that had enriched them. The mist and cloud of doubt that had hung about his life had passed away, and he saw peacefulness and beauty clearly to the end. And these thoughts went with him to his dark and dismal city nook, and imparted deeper pleasures even to the bliss of money-making.

This once, at least, St. Giles was in luck. A few minutes only after Snipeton's arrival, with his new happiness fresh upon him, the young man presented himself with a letter from Crossbone. "He looks an honest fellow; a very honest fellow," thought Snipeton, eyeing him. "'Tis a bad world; a wicked world; yet, when all's said, there are some honest people; yes, there must be some." And this charitable thought enhanced for

the nonce St. Giles. He could not have come in happier season. "Humph! and you have known Mr. Crossbone some time? To be sure, he told me, from a child. And your father was killed, trying to do good! That's hard; plaguy hard; for people aren't often killed in that humor. And you've been kind—very kind to your mother! Well, that's something; I think I may trust you. Yes: you may consider yourself engaged. When can you come?"

"Directly, sir," said St. Giles; who had been duly impressed by Crossbone with the necessity of obtaining Snipeton's patronage; it was so very essential to the happiness of his lordship. "Be vigilant, be careful,"—thus had run the apothecary's counsel, "and his lordship will make a man of you!" What a golden prospect for one who, with the hopes and worthy desires of a man, knew himself to be a social wolf in the human fold; a thing to be destroyed, hung up; a wholesome example to runaway vagabonds. To be made a man of, what a load must he lay down! What a joy, a blessing, to stand erect in the world—and be allowed to meet the eyes of men with confiding looks. Now, he crept and crawled; and felt that his soul went upon all-fours. Now, he at times shrunk from a sudden gaze, as from a drawn knife. And his lordship would make a man of him! Glorious labor, this; divine handiwork! And there is plenty of such labor, too, in this broad world, if we had but the earnest-hearted workers to grapple with it. How many thousand thousands of human animals; creatures of outward humanity; beings on two legs, are yet to be made men of! Again, what is a man! You, reader, may possibly have a pretty correct notion of what he is, or ought to be: now, Mr. Crossbone's ideal of a perfect man was but of a perfect rascal. He would make a man as he would have made a gin, a trap; the more perfect the snare, the nobler the humanity. And in this sense was St. Giles to be elevated into a man for the direct advantage of the young lord, and the supplementary benefit of the apothecary. And St. Giles himself—it must not be forgotten—had some misgivings of the model-excellence after which he was to be fashioned. It just passed through his brain that the man he was to be made, might be a man, if not nearer to the gallows than himself, at least a man more deserving (if any deserved it) the elevation. There seemed to him new peril to be made a man of. Yet, what could he do! Nothing. He must wait; watch; and take the chances as they fell.

Snipeton read the letter. Nothing could have fallen out so luckily. A friend of Crossbone's—a man of honor though he dealt in horseflesh—had a beautiful thing to sell; a thing of lamb-like gentleness and beauty. The very thing for Mrs. Snipeton. A mare that might be reined with a thread of silk. Moreover, Mr. Snipeton might have the beast at his own price; and that, of course, would be next to no price at all.

"Do you understand horses, my man?" asked Snipeton, as he finished the letter.

"Why, yes, sir," answered St. Giles; and he must have answered yes, had the question been unicorns.

"Well, then"—but at this moment, Snipeton's man brought in the names of Capstick and Tangle. To the great relief of St. Giles, he was ordered into an adjoining room, there to wait. He withdrew as the new visitors entered.



"Mr. Snipeton, this—this"—why did Capstick pause?—"this gentleman is Mr. Tangle, attorney"—

"Solicitor," was Mr. Tangle's meek correction. "It's of no consequence, but—solicitor."

"Pooh, pooh! It is n't my way, sir. I always say 'attorney,' and then we know the worst," said Capstick.

"I have heard of Mr. Tangle. We never met before—but his reputation has reached me," sneered Snipeton.

"Reputation, sir," observed Capstick, "is sometimes like a polecat; dead or alive, its odor will spread."

"Very true; it is; it has," was the corroboration of Snipeton; and Tangle, though he tried to smile, fidgetted uneasily.

"You are, perhaps, not aware, Mr. Snipeton, that a petition is to be presented to the house of commons—my house—for the purpose of turning out its present patriotic member for Liquorish," said Capstick.

"Indeed! Upon what ground?" inquired Snipeton.

"Bribery. Would you imagine it! Could you think it! Charge me with bribery!" said the member.

"Pardon me. Not you; oh, by no means! We never do that. We're not so ill-bred. No, sir, the crime—that is, the statutable crime—for morals and statutes, sir, are sometimes very different things—the crime of bribery is laid at the door of Mr. Capstick's agents. His agents, sir," said Tangle.

"I had none: none whatever. It is my pride—if, indeed, a man should be proud of anything in this dirty, iniquitous world—a world of flip-flaps and sumersets—my pride, that I was returned purely upon my own merits; if, indeed, I have merits; a matter I am sometimes inclined to doubt, when I wake up from my first sleep. I go into parliament upon bribery! I should think myself one big blotch—a human boil. No; I can lay my hand upon my breast—just where I carry my pocket-book—and answer it, before the world—except the price of the hackney coach that carried me to the house, my seat did n't cost me sixpence."

"Ha, Mr. Capstick!" cried Tangle, half closing his eyes; "you don't know what friends you had."

"Yes, sir, I do; for I've been intimate with them all my life. Integrity, honor, out-speaking"—Capstick paused; and the next moment blushed, as though detected in some gross fault. The truth is, he was ashamed of himself for the vain-boasting. Integrity and honor! Supposing that he had them—what then? Was it a matter to make a noise about? Capstick blushed; then hurriedly said—"I beg your pardon. Go on with the bribery."

"And so they want to turn you out, eh?" cried Snipeton. "The house of St. James can't swal-

low the muffin-maker. Ha! ha! I can only wish you had been a chimney-sweeper. 'T would have been a sweeter triumph."

"I am quite contented, Mr. Snipeton," said Capstick, majestically, "as it is. Not that, as one of the social arts, I despise chimney-sweeping. By no means. For there may be cases in which it would not be such dirty work to clean folk's chimneys, as to sweep their pockets."

"True; very true," said Snipeton, who never selfishly took a sarcasm to himself, when, as he thought, so many of his fellow-creatures equally well deserved it. "And so to the bribery. We must meet this petition."

"I thought so; and therefore waited upon Mr. Capstick to offer my professional services. You see, sir, I have peculiar advantages—very peculiar. For although, by that unfortunate and most mysterious robbery of the gold, the bribery—on the part of his lordship—was limited, rather limited; nevertheless, I have here, sir—here"—and Tangle tapped at his breast—"such facts, that"—

"I see," said Snipeton; "and you'll turn yourself inside out to oblige us?"

"I am a free agent; quite free. Being no longer his lordship's legal adviser—you would n't think that that paltry box of gold could have parted us; but so it is—there is no gratitude in the great;—being, as I say, free, sir; and in the possession of secrets"—

"If you want a cheap pennyworth of dirt, you can buy it, you can buy it," said Capstick.

"Mr. Capstick!" exclaimed Tangle with a darkly solemn face, "Mr. Capstick"—but the attorney thought it not profitable to be indignant; therefore he suffered a smile to overflow his cheek, as he said—"Mr. Capstick, you're a wag." But Tangle had in this a secret consolation: for in his legal opinion he had as good as called the muffin-maker "thief and housebreaker." Tangle then proceeded. "What I shall do, I shall do for justice. And public justice, with her scales"—

"Bless my soul! I'd quite forgot the girl. Mr. Snipeton, your maid-of-all-work from Kent is below. A droll business. Quite an escape, poor thing! But she'll tell your wife all about it," said Capstick.

"Your pardon. Just one minute;" whereupon Snipeton repaired to St. Giles. "You know my house! Mind, I don't want all the world to know it. Well, make the best of your way there, and—stop. Come down stairs." And Snipeton left the room, St. Giles following him. St. Giles—so Snipeton determined—should at once escort the wench to Hampstead. Another minute, and to the joy and ill-concealed astonishment of the pair, the girl saw in St. Giles the wanderer and vagrant to whom she had given the shelter of a barn—and he beheld in his new fellow-servant, Becky, the soft-hearted maiden of the Lamb and Star.

From the Spectator.

## MR. LANE'S LIFE AT THE WATER CURE.

MR. LANE, the eminent lithographic artist, was bled within an ace of his life, at the age of nineteen, by some "active practitioner;" and his habits ever since appear to have been ill-adapted to the acquirement of robust health. As an invalid, he was often under the doctor's hands; and besides the perpetual physis of a valetudinarian, he had several attacks of acute disease. As an artist in request and loving his profession, he sacrificed too much to it. He rose early—often at five, and worked till nine, on some chocolate and toast. After breakfast he continued his labors without intermission till three or four. He then rapidly fulfilled his engagements by making calls "upon the run;" and returned home excited and exhausted, "generally too late for the late dinner." After dinner he again worked, and frequently passed the evenings "in heated rooms or theatres." In addition to these physical ills, he suffered mentally from family affliction and bereavement. By the time he had reached forty or thereabout, both mind and body exhibited signs of severe derangement. His sight began to fail; he was troubled with severe neuralgic pains; a slow intermittent fever wasted him; there were symptoms which threatened palsy; and his powers of attention and exertion broke down. Change of air and scene had often been prescribed without any permanent benefit; drugs ceased to relieve him; and in fine, he was persuaded to try the cold-water cure at Dr. Wilson's. He went to Malvern, and on the very first day felt that exhilaration which we have all experienced when the mind has cast its cares behind it and the worn spirit is taking a holiday. The treatment was gradual, no doubt judicious, and it *agreed* with Mr. Lane. This first stimulus was supported by change of scene, good air, and the agreeable company he found at the establishment, as well as the *hope* which his improvement by these aids excited—though we do not mean to deny the benefit to be derived from a judicious use of water. The upshot was, that after a month Mr. Lane returned home a new man with a new lease; not indeed *quite* cured, but, by the advice of Dr. Wilson, his own ingenuity and skill in fitting up a cold-water apparatus in his house, and above all by resolutely persisting in morning exercise in all weathers, he is now a perfect cure. His neuralgic and all other pains have left him; his appetite is capital; he has discarded under-clothing and top-coats; he rarely has occasion to use glasses at his work; and he seems confident that he shall contradict the prophecy of the last medico he consulted, and "*make old bones.*"

*Life at the Water Cure* consists of Mr. Lane's experience, observations, and outpourings during his month at Malvern, mingled with sketches of the company and doings of the place. He tells how he felt on waking in the morning, and what sensations he experienced under the different water processes from the "shallow bath" to the douche. His walks, his water-drinkings, his rides, the aspects of nature, and the incidents of the road, are all chronicled, along with the sayings and doings of his fellow-patients at Malvern; the persons, excepting Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, being concealed under fictitious names. These topics Mr. Lane varies by reminiscences and remarks connected with different subjects in literature and art.

What he calls the sequel, or the story of his case till the time of publication, contains a similar freedom in the choice of topics, but with less range, as he has not in the Regent's Park the variety of Malvern's walks or patients.

With many, perhaps with most men, such a book would have been insufferably tedious, or offensive from its flimsiness, levity, pertness, or artifice. None of these failings are felt in Mr. Lane's *Life at the Water Cure*; everything is so obviously natural, and full of good feeling and animal spirits. Mr. Lane must have been the very kind of patient that any medical man would have chosen for an experiment, where it was sought by change of air and the stimulus of novelties to tone a relaxed system, renovate shattered nerves, and give a fillip to the constitutional springs, whatever and wherever they may be. With his cheerfulness, his bonhomie, his disposition to be pleased with everything and everybody, his eye for natural beauties, his facility in depicting to the eye the various operations of the Cold Water House, and such incidents or effects as struck him during the morning-walks, he must have been as great an acquisition to the patients as to the physician. Even the distant reader cannot altogether resist the heartiness which imparts a freshness and charm to the manner of the book; its matter, as may be inferred, is not of a very solid kind; and the style is somewhat diffuse.

The sketches of life at Malvern are best read as a whole, when we are gradually introduced to the persons, and feel an interest in their characters and discourse. Some of their doings admit of separate presentation; and we will take one of the most important, for those who may contemplate a trip thither. The supplies are not so much amiss for patients "given over by the faculty," and who are under regimen.

## BREAKFAST AND DINNER AT THE COLD WATER CURE.

"Another glass of this exquisite water, and home to breakfast at nine. Several sorts of bread, all in perfection, and excellent butter; bottles of the brightest water and tumblers, duly arranged on the table; jugs of milk for those who like it, and to whom it is allowed. One jug *smokes*, and the well-known fragrant flavor soon suggests to the *nose* tea! Surely this is irregular, or why the disguise! Why not a teapot!"

"At the head of the table, where the Doctor presides, was the leg of mutton, which, I believe, is every day's head dish. I forget what Mrs. Wilson dispensed, but it was something savory, of fish. I saw veal cutlets—with bacon, and a companion dish, maccaroni—with gravy (a very delicate concoction;) potatoes, plain boiled, or mashed and browned; spinach, and other green vegetables. Then followed rice-pudding, tapioca, or some other farinaceous ditto, rhubarb tarts, &c. So much for what I have heard of the miserable diet of water patients. The cooking of all is perfection, and something beyond, in Neddy's [his son's] opinion, for he eats fat!"

"After dinner the ladies did not immediately retire, but made up groups for conversation, both in the dining and withdrawing room. A most happy arrangement this, which admits the refreshing influence of the society of ladies in such a house."

There is something sadly pleasing in the fatal termination of the following case, and the good feeling which attended it.

"A sad page in my diary—a death has occurred in the house.

"Mr. ——— arrived ten days ago, without notice, having journeyed from Norfolk to London to consult the first physicians. He had cancerous tumors, pronounced by all incurable. As a last resort, he performed with difficulty the journey to Malvern, and arrived at the house in a state which rendered it dangerous to move him to lodgings. The doctor instantly pronounced his state beyond the reach of human aid, except in *palliating* suffering, and soothing his few remaining days. He told Mrs. B—— that he could not survive ten days. After four days, Mr. B—— came to the drawing-room, and cordially shaking hands with all his fellow-patients, thanked God that he was *safe*, and getting well—he was 'sure of it.' His appetite good—he slept well, and was free from all pain. The doctor was obliged to tell his afflicted wife that this happy change showed no amelioration of the actual disease, which was surely proceeding to its fatal termination. When, some days after this, it was deemed right to tell the patient of his state, he was with difficulty made to believe it. He had been buoyant with high spirits, and perfectly at ease. His relatives then came around him; and about the tenth day, (or, as I believe, on the very day predicted,) he has died. The brothers proposed to remove the remains, but the considerate patients would not hear of it. They asked if he would have the funeral at early morning; Dr. W. would not allow secrecy, and it is to take place in the afternoon."

For the writer's main end, a proof of the efficacy of the cold-water cure, Mr. Lane's book is of slender value. His own case, we must be permitted to think, proves little or nothing. The main evil was evidently on the nervous system or "the spirits." The best proof of this is, that as soon as his trifling anxiety about the cold-water process was over, Mr. Lane felt comparatively well in himself; a result which could not have followed and been maintained in the case of organic derangement—unless upon the principle of Goldsmith's quack, whose patients felt an improvement even while the pills were going down the throat. From his obvious unacquaintance with medicine, Mr. Lane's other instances prove nothing; he uses terms so generally that they convey no precise meaning; so that his conclusions are not warranted by his premises. He speaks of some old man of eighty, with "disease of the heart," who was greatly improved. Before such a case is worth a rush, we must know in what way the "heart" of the old gentleman was affected, and how its disorder was inferred; even then, the case, considering the age and the uncertainty of medical inference in obscure diseases, is too near a modern miracle for implicit credit.

#### THE ANTI-SLAVERY THAT MIGHT SUCCEED.

FREE trade in sugar must at first act as an encouragement of the slave-trade—there is no doubt of it. The opening of so important a market as that of Great Britain will enhance the value of slave-grown sugar; the higher value of the article will enhance the value of the producers; and that will enhance the profits of the slave-trade. Our armed efforts at suppressing the trade, therefore, will be rendered more ridiculous than ever, by the crowning inconsistency, that we shall do our best

to intercept the slave on his way from Africa to America, and to disappoint his owner, but as soon as he has crossed, we shall not only leave his owner in peace but give him our custom for the commerce in which he uses the slave.

But the bad results would not rest there. Continued enforcement of the armed suppression would tend still further to aggravate the horrors of the middle passage. The increased profits of the trade would of course multiply the vessels engaged in it; the traders would also be more than ever stimulated to brave the risk of detection in hope of profit, while the higher profit would allow a wider margin for loss by capture; vessels, therefore, would be more readily and more often captured. But the incentives to evade detection would be stronger than ever; swiftness and secrecy would be still more sought, and the miserable freight still more cruelly sacrificed to a water-cutting shape of the vessel and to concealment. It will be impossible to continue the armed suppression much longer, in the teeth of growing opinion and augmenting proof of its inefficacy—its mischievous self-defeat. It will be abandoned.

Must the slave-trade, then, be left to its criminal career—to people America with a race in bondage? We think not. We believe that the ceasing of the armed intervention will be the first step towards an effectual but peaceful war with agrarian slavery and the slave-trade. How may this come about?

The immediate result of the cessation will be, that England will no longer be regarded with distrust by foreign countries whom she coerces to obey her notion of moral necessity. England has a conscience against trading in slaves, and she not only abstains, but forces other nations to abstain. Some do not, but merely affect to do so; and while they pretend to obey, they own an increasing grudge against the country that compels them to so humiliating, inconvenient, and costly a sacrifice. They do not understand her motives to be purely philanthropic, because they are not conscious of such motives in themselves; they believe her to be actuated by an invidious dog-in-the-manger wish to hinder their prosperity, and at all events hate her pragmatism tyranny. Ill-will to England is the great substantial product of her armed intervention; a feeling shared by America, Brazil, Spain, and other great nations. The feeling will die away when the coercion ceases.

The slave-employing countries may resort to Africa to fulfil all the demands upon their labor-markets. It is not likely that the Southern States of the great American Union would do so, since social and political reasons make the citizens of the Union view the increase of slaves with alarm; but Cuba, and possibly Brazil, might take a larger draft of slave-immigrants. The traffic, however, would be free; the slaves would be more valuable; and the trader would have no motive to treat them worse than cattle would be treated; their health, therefore, would be an object of care, and the horrors of the middle passage would cease with our intervention.

But if we abstained from restricting the slave-migration, there would be no reason for restricting the migration of free blacks. To British subjects we might forbid slave-trading; by proper regulations in the West Indies, we might prevent any British slave-trading by defeating its object, the individual profit of the trader. But the free migration would bring to the West Indies, their most useful population, the Negro. With a free labor



market, where wages have superseded the lash as an incentive to industry, it is most imperatively necessary to have an abundance of laborers: that abundance the West Indies would soon have, and they would *then* be able to compete with slave-owning countries in the growth of sugar.

But to people the West Indies is the one great essential to any probable scheme for civilizing the Negro. The West Indies will for the first time be able to set a complete practical example of free black labor; of which we have preached the merit, though we have shrunk from exemplifying it. The white civilizer cannot penetrate the pestilential continent of Africa, to civilize the denizens of the soil; but in the West Indies he has the African entirely under his own eye, and in the best possible circumstances for the process of civilization. The Negro is at once introduced to a fully-civilized society, but one blessed by the too rare concomitant that industry prospers in it. He is easily kept in the state of discipline, legal and moral, the most conducive to his own welfare. But he is in all respects a free man, and is at once introduced to the practice of free institutions; even attaining the franchise, municipal and political, without hindrance. And experience has proved that in the West Indies the Negro actually does become a civilized man, with extraordinary facility and rapidity.

Show, for the first time completely, that in the West Indies emancipation really succeeds in a worldly sense—that it is politically safe, and commercially profitable—and you teach the best possible lesson to slave-owning countries; one far more persuasive than coercion. You show them that they may abandon slavery itself, and that therefore they do not need the trade in slaves. Some have already shown a disposition to profit by such a lesson, were it humanely and perseveringly read to them. Brazil has several public men willing and able to read it; Cuba has had its Governor Valdez; and even the Southern States of the Union might consent to benefit by an experimental attempt at solving the great problem that darkens their future.

But Africa—how would such a change affect her? Most momentously. Were the eastern shore of America fully peopled with a free black race—were even the West Indies alone so peopled—commercial relations must necessarily increase with the opposite coast of western Africa. It must inevitably follow, that free blacks would be much and increasingly employed in any commercial relations with Western Africa; for which their race alone is suited by physical constitution. The number of free civilized blacks in Africa would multiply. To state this modest fact alone, is to imply a social revolution in Africa; monarchs in that benighted country could not long remain in a condition lower than menials in the free settlements. If the monarchs did not begin to advance in civilization, the menials would soon speculate in the trade of being monarchs. But free settlements would multiply, and would be normal schools for the neighboring races. Civilization—a true European civilization—once established on the continent of Africa, would soon spread by a beneficent contagion. It is to be remembered that there are *no* such settlements in Western Africa: there are some trading stations; Sierra Leone is a station for liberated Africans, ill managed, unprosperous; Liberia is a settlement of transported slaves; but there are no proper colonies.

There have been no such settlements, because there have been no materials for them—a surplus free black population to be spared from the American side of the Atlantic. There has, however, already been shown the disposition to such a reëmigration: the black emigrants from our principal West Indian colonies have willingly returned as “delegates;” gentlemen of the black race have even consented to go, in order to promote an intercourse so beneficial to their kind; and an official agent at Sierra Leone belonged to the race. These are solitary instances, but they serve to show that the desired motive and capacity both exist in the African; both have been exhibited under the influence of a free black emigration to the West Indies, limited as that was. Were the West Indies fully peopled, our stations on the coast of Western Africa would become really colonies; although the climate excludes the Anglo-Saxon race, Anglo-Saxon influences would take root, would fructify, and would spread towards the interior.

Such is the way in which Africa might be civilized through the West Indies; such is the Anti-Slavery enterprise that *might* succeed.—*Spectator*, 25th July.

From the Spectator.

#### SLAVERY AND TIME.

A GREAT question of time is involved in the project of the anti-slavery philanthropists, which they seem entirely to overlook. They induced England to abolish first the slave-trade and then slavery, in her own dominions; but they did so by convincing her. They have continued their importunity, and extended it to the request that England should force other countries to abolish the slave-trade, and also slavery, without waiting for conviction. Their wish has been indulged to a surprising extent, but up to this time with no very flattering results; for the compulsory style of policy manifestly defeats itself, hindering what might be accomplished were it sought by wiser means.

There is such a thing as national consistency. It needs not be confounded with obstinate adherence to one opinion, for it does not refer to different periods. A country, like an individual, may fairly hold different sentiments at different periods; the change being brought about by the legitimate process of conviction. Thus, England has more than once changed her opinion on the subject of West Indian slavery, and each change has been a real advance towards a wiser and more moral view. The consistency of which we speak refers to the different acts of the same country at any one period. England violates it at this present time, by tolerating slavery in the southern states of the great American Union, and not in Brazil; for we make fiscal distinctions between the two, where there is not a trace of moral distinction. In like manner, we tolerate in Russia what we denounce in Cuba. It is the same with the slave-trade: we forbid on the Niger and in the West Indian archipelago what we suffer at Mozambique and in the Bosphorus.

How can a nation speak to the world while the practical expression of its views is thus full of confusion and contradiction? Countries are not, like human individuals, endowed with one single, audible, and unmistakeable voice; Britannia is not a real person, and cannot rise to her feet and address

the nations in a voice of oneness. Nations must speak by their actions; and, to make the discourse intelligible, must make their actions have one obvious and consistent drift. By an opposite system England baffles her own utterance; one part of her policy is an answer to the other, and to refute herself her own actions may be cited. How can she pretend that slavery is an intolerable offence, when she makes no single abatement in her amity, commercial or political, with the slave-owning, slave-trading states of the Union? Brazil may well believe that we lie when we say that we will not trade with her on account of her slave-dealing, since she is far more humane even on that score than nations from whom we withhold no friendly relation. Brazil must guess that we have some other motive. If we wish to make her believe what we say, we must shape our utterance to a consistent unity; and if we *cannot*, by force of treaties, or of irresistible circumstances in our commercial and social state, be consistent in our compulsory course against the slave-trade, we must adopt some other course in which we *can* be consistent. As long as we hesitate to do so, we achieve nothing but defeat.

Now, can we suppress either slavery or the slave-trade by compulsion? Certainly we cannot, *proprio motu*. We cannot decree the cessation of slavery in Brazil, in the United States, in Asia, or even in Africa; we cannot suppress the slave-trade under other flags, by our own edict. To effect either result, we must obtain the assent of the nation whose institutions we would modify. Can we do that by compulsion? Obviously not. We cannot even attempt it. Where we have extorted a reluctant assent from foreign governments to use compulsion over their subjects, we have uniformly failed; and we have certainly provoked abundant odium, exasperation, vindictive desire rather to encourage than abandon the traffic we denounce.

But while we engage in this fruitless crusade, what a waste is there of precious time! The slavery that we cannot abolish is increasing in its numbers and its geographical limits; the slave-trade by sea has become more horrible in its details; and slave-trading for the market of North America has turned into a domestic traffic, quite shut up from our interference. The institution, therefore, is growing, and its overthrow is becoming more difficult every day; not merely because our hostile advances have grievously hindered our proselytism, but because the mere increase in numbers and extent renders the practical removal or emancipation of an ignorant slave population more and more difficult through the lapse of time. Certainly, slavery makes greater progress than the doctrine of abolition does, and there is no sign yet that the relative pace of advance has really begun to alter.

The most hopeful prospect of success lies in a process of conversion by example. But we cannot speak that example emphatically while we complicate it with other processes that are not example: it must be unavailing while we harden the hearts of the nations against us by a hostile compulsion. In order, then, to endow with vigor that course which is hopeful, let us abandon that which is hopeless—call off the hostile band of compulsion, and apply our attention, energies, and resources, solely to the example.

One immediate result would be a great saving in money. The precise amount cannot be ascertained. The machinery for the armed suppression

of the slave-trade costs about half a million yearly. The tax on sugar for protecting the West Indies is estimated at not less than a million and a half. The loss by refusal to trade freely with Brazil, Cuba, and other countries, augmented by their retaliatory tariffs, must be represented by a still larger but an unknown amount. The gross loss, therefore, is to be counted by millions sterling; which we should save.

But the fund thus accruing, or even a portion of it, might be devoted in a variety of ways to encourage the conversion of slave-owning countries to a humaner and wiser policy—devoted to the anti-slavery agitation by force of example. Sir Robert Peel has suggested improvements on the ministerial plan for altering the sugar-duties, and among them attention to immigration of labor into the British sugar colonies: that may best be done by extending the sources to other than the present "British possessions" on the western coast of Africa; and to do so, with the official aid and supervision that would be desirable, would occasion expense. Ingenuity would devise other modes in which England could apply the fable of the North Wind and the Sun. Meanwhile, not only would the nations be seduced into a more favorable mood, but the example would be relieved of its contradicting and frustrating contingencies, and would be furnished forth to shine in the most conspicuous manner. In that way England might make free labor succeed; might so display the fact before the world as to make the knowledge of it unequivocal and inevitable; and at the same time might conciliate the stranger to accept conviction, instead of exasperating him obstinately to resist it.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has manfully grappled with the moral part of the sugar question. In rejoinder to the reply that the wrong of admitting slave-grown sugar is not to be justified by the other wrongs of admitting slave-grown coffee, cotton, and tobacco, he denies that these are wrongs, and contends that it is not for us in our tariffs to be pronouncing judgment on the institutions and customs of other nations. Commerce is the great instrument for securing the peace of the world, and that instrument is impaired by any restrictions, especially of such an offensive and irritating nature as those founded on hostility to particular usages. How incensed would the people of England be, if the United States were to forbid commercial intercourse with us on the score of our alleged injustice to Ireland; how exasperated Russia would be with us, if we were to refuse to take her tallow and hides because they were the produce of serf labor. The peace of the world could not consist with this international prying and meddling, and spying out immoralities. We have not advanced a jot by it towards the only object for which it has been put in practice, the great object of ridding the world of slavery. It remains to be seen whether that end may not be better promoted by what improves the harmonies and good understanding between nations. As yet, we have adopted but a sorry mode of recommending free labor, guarding it with fences implying its inferiority to slave labor. We begin to give fair play to the example when we brave competition, and our efforts to induce other nations to copy us will not be weakened by the withdrawal of offensive prohibitions, and the establishment of the closer amity and improved influences which result from the ties of commercial interests.—*Examiner*, 1 Aug.

From the Christian Observer.

PEACE SOCIETIES; AND ELIHU BURRITT, THE  
LEARNED AMERICAN BLACKSMITH.

AND so Elihu Burritt is coming across the Atlantic to make a philanthropic tour in England. And who is Elihu Burritt? To ask the question "argues oneself unknown;" for who that receives many letters, and is supposed to have any influence, has not been showered upon with olive-branches and other anti-war papers, in which the name of Elihu Burritt is as conspicuous as the Duke of Wellington's statue is like to be upon the triumphal arch. We are hearty peace men, though not Peace-Society men; we abominate and deprecate war, though we believe that national defence is lawful; just as we should with a good conscience knock down, tongs-wise or poker-wise, an assassin who should burst in upon our wife and children; or as the Quaker on the deck of a vessel boarded by an enemy, though he would not use lead or steel to repel the invaders, yet thought it his duty to thrust as many of them as he could overboard into the ocean, with "Friend, thou hast no business here." We are far from undervaluing, as many persons do, the benevolent intentions of good men on either side of the Atlantic, who are laboring to promote the principles of universal peace and good will. We honor their motives, though they sometimes injure the cause they plead by the manner in which they urge it, and by not allowing that defensive warfare, when it cannot be avoided without submitting to aggressive ruffianism, is justifiable;—that it is a duty imperative upon men, patriots, and Christians.

Elihu Burritt is without question a remarkable, and highly estimable, man. His zealous exertions to suppress slavery, to promote temperance, and to blunt the appetite of nations for war, have been honorable to his character as a philanthropist and a Christian; and his labors have produced a considerable effect in his own country, and have elicited many friendly memorials from ours. The "Peace-Advocate" asks:—"Who can estimate the influence of Elihu Burritt in calming down the fiery spirits of America to their present temperature? For surely the writer, who, through the late tempestuous period, has been pouring his arguments for peace into a million of minds every week, [probably two millions,] as it is estimated he has done through his Olive Leaves for the American press, may well be supposed to have exercised an important influence in the amelioration which has taken place."

We fear that the "cooling down" has not yet extended in some quarters much below fever point; and the addition of the word Mexico, to those of Texas and Oregon, upon the American popular war-banner, has not evinced that the mind of his countrymen is wholly pacific. But this is not his fault. We doubt whether all his classical learning will dissuade his ardent compatriots from their cherished notion that Texas, in its political etymology, assuredly means something which behoved to be woven with the Union, for which purpose they might quote Terence and Virgil—"Telam texere," "Texamus robore naves;"—or that the Oregon claim is not good Greek for coveting, and stretching out their hands and reaching after, whatever they may think it politically or commercially expedient to possess. Our Athenian blacksmith, however, spares them not; he is impartial in his censures; he excepts neither gentle nor simple,

private nor commander, nation nor legislature, in his denunciations of war, under all its forms and for every purpose. If he maintains that it is a game, "which, were subjects wise, kings would not play at," we doubt not he would impartially add, "Or presidents either, if citizens were wise." In a recent letter, dated Worcester, Massachusetts, May 15, he writes:

"It makes my heart sad to say that America has entered the field of blood, and perhaps is to rival the British in India, and the French in Algeria. Our Texas iniquity is bringing forth its first fruits of sin. From one aggression after another, our government has got itself into a condition of war with Mexico, and what is to come of it no human foresight can tell. The sober part of our community and country are taken all aback by this unexpected war; and the whole whig press denounces it with unsparing severity. It should afford us some consolation, that where sin abounds grace much more abounds to set limits to the wrath of man."

"The peace band here will not be cast down or discouraged, though 'the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.' Perhaps the cause of peace may ultimately receive vast accessions of strength from the thousands converted to its principles by a new illustration of the sin and folly of war. We shall redouble our energies and strengthen our faith to meet the exigency. We shall speak out boldly against all war. I hope something may occur to stay the progress of hostilities between the two countries. I shall send you by next steamer, I hope, some returns from the addresses. 'Let us follow peace with all men.' I hope an Anti-War League will be formed in the course of this year, which shall take in as members and officers men of all nations, kindred, and tongues, and hold its anniversary in London. During my stay in England I intend to solicit attention to this idea. I send by Harnden's express 500 'Olive Leaves' for the British press."

We trust that our worthy republican has not thought the worse of England in comparing the manifestoes of Polk and Peel; and when he arrives among us, he will find, even in the dog-days, that the people of England have no belligerent passions to gratify in going to war with his country; and that all they ask of her is reason and justice.

The history of Mr. Burritt deserves to rank among the interesting literary annals of successfully self-taught men. He was born in New Britain, Connecticut, in the year 1811, of honest and respectable parents. He enjoyed the privilege of attending the district school for some months every year, till he was sixteen years old; and by his diligence and attention to his studies he became well versed in the elementary branches of an English education, and by cultivating a taste for reading, he acquired much valuable information. When he arrived at the age of sixteen his father died, and he was apprenticed to the trade of a blacksmith; and when the term of his indenture had expired, and he had attained his legal majority, he had gained the reputation of being a young man of good moral and religious character, and a skilful workman in his vocation, and one who cherished an ardent attachment for books. The Bible was the first book which he thoroughly studied; and at a very early age, he was familiar with almost every passage in the Old and New Testaments. He next availed himself of the opportunity of reading afforded by the "Social Library" in the town in which he lived; and afterwards was dependent on the kin-



ness of his friends. Before he reached the age of twenty-one he was conversant with the English classics, both in prose and poetry, and passed delightfully many of his leisure hours in poring over the pages of Milton, Young, Thomson, Cowper, Addison, &c. In the winter of the year in which he attained his majority, he commenced, under the direction of a brother-in-law, who was an accomplished scholar, the study of mathematics. About the same time he entered on the study of the Latin language, for the purpose of reading Virgil in the original. He soon after turned his attention to French, which he mastered with wonderful facility. He then acquired the Spanish, and afterwards the Greek and German languages. During two winters he devoted nearly all his time to study, but he was occupied a large portion of his time during spring and summer in working at his trade as a blacksmith, and in this exemplary way acquiring the means of subsistence.

When about twenty-three years old, he accepted an invitation "to teach a grammar-school," but this employment did not suit his convenience or his inclination. He was then engaged for a year or two as an agent for a manufacturing company, when he returned to his *anvil*, and has since been industriously engaged in the occupation of a blacksmith, to which he was apprenticed in his youth; but he devotes all his leisure hours to literary pursuits. After having mastered the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and all the languages of modern Europe, he turned his attention to Oriental literature, and in order to avail himself of the facilities afforded by the valuable library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, he removed to that place, where he has ever since resided, and been regarded as a useful and exemplary citizen. He has become a proficient in the most difficult languages of Asia, and in many of those languages in Europe which are now nearly disused and obsolete—among them are Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and Tamul. It was stated, in a public meeting, in 1838, by Governor Everett, that Mr. Burritt by that time, *by his unaided industry alone, had made himself acquainted with fifty languages*. Mr. Burritt shows no disposition to relax from his labors. He usually devotes eight hours to labor, eight hours to study, and eight hours to *physical indulgence and repose*; and, by pursuing this course, he enjoys the advantages—vainly coveted by many literary men—connected with "a sound mind in a healthy body." Nor does he confine his labors to the mere acquisition of literary wealth—he also diffuses it with a liberal hand. He has written many valuable articles for periodical publications; he has delivered many lectures which have been replete with interest and valuable information; and has been repeatedly listened to by large and highly respectable audiences, in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, with edification and delight. He has not yet reached the meridian of life, and it is to be hoped that many years of usefulness are still before him.

The following extract from a letter written by him in 1839, to Dr. Nelson, a gentleman who had taken some interest in his history, displays the simple, unassuming, earnest character of the man, in a very interesting point of view.

"An accidental allusion to my history and pursuits, which I made unthinkingly, in a letter to a friend, was, to my unspeakable surprise, brought

before the public as a rather ostentatious *débüt* on my part to the world; and I find myself involved in a species of notoriety, not at all in consonance with my feelings. Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up will give me credit for my sincerity when I say, that it never entered my heart to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. I had, until the unfortunate *dénouement* which I have mentioned, pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed, even among my brethren and kindred. None of them ever thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle—thought by thought—fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the *young men* of my country an example in employing those fragments of time called 'odd moments.' And, sir, I should esteem it an honor of costlier *water* than the tiara encircling a monarch's brow, if my future activity and attainments should encourage American *working men* to be proud and jealous of the credentials which God has given them to every eminence and immunity in the empire of mind. These are the views and sentiments with which I have sat down night by night, for years, with blistered hands and brightening hopes, to studies which I hoped might be serviceable to that class of the community to which I am proud to belong. This is my *ambition*. This is the goal of my aspirations. But, not only the *prize*, but the whole *course* lies before me, perhaps beyond my reach. 'I count myself not yet to have attained' to anything worthy of public notice or private mention; what I *may do* is for Providence to determine.

"As you expressed a desire in your letter for some account of my past and present pursuits, I shall hope to gratify you on this point, and also rectify a misapprehension which you with many others may have entertained of my acquirements. With regard to my attention to the languages, a study of which I am not so fond as of mathematics, I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process, to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages, as to introduce me to the other members of the same family. Thus, studying the Hebrew very critically, I became readily acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian, and German, under native teachers. Afterwards, I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic. I then ventured on further east into the Russian empire; and the Slavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between which the affinity is as marked as that between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides those, I have attended to many different European dialects still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward as fast as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the oriental languages, which will assist my progress."

Mr. Burritt speaks in glowing words of the blessings in store for the world from the united

agency of the "Anglo-Saxon race" in the dominions of Queen Victoria and in the United States of America. Then, adverting to the unhappy symptoms of disunion which have appeared between the two great families of this race, he says:

"A war between England and America, for any cause, would be a war with God, his Gospel, the spirit and precepts of his religion; with all living and future generations of men on the whole earth. The discharge of the first paixhan gun in such a contest would not only sink a ship, but it would sink the whole heathen world to the deepest depths of that moral night in which they groped a century ago! A war between England and America!—it would be the greatest curse that has visited this world since the fall of man!"

There has been an extensive exchange of what are called "Friendly International Addresses," (more than thirty,) signed by a great number of persons on each side of the Atlantic, expressive of their earnest desire to preserve pacific relations and hearty affection between the two countries. One of these addresses was from more than sixteen hundred women at Exeter to their sisters in Philadelphia. Elihu Burritt says, in reference to them, in a recent letter to a friend:

"I rejoice with exceeding joy, at the tokens for good which have greeted our eyes. I am confident that our two countries, immediately on the adjustment of this unhappy question of Oregon, will enter upon a new era of social and commercial intercourse; which will be facilitated by the interesting correspondence that has been opened through the 'Friendly International Addresses.' What a moral power the friends of peace throughout the world might wield by intercommunications of this kind! I shall esteem it the most pleasant occurrence of my life to have been interested in this blessed movement. I feel as near to every one of you as if you were my brethren according to the flesh. My thoughts steal out after you by the wayside and by the fireside. I read over and over your kind letters, and wonder that there should be questions of warlike controversy in the world, when such lively susceptibilities to friendship are common to human hearts everywhere;—when it is so easy to make a friend even across a wintry ocean. I hope to see you face to face in the course of the coming summer, as I am preparing to visit Old England about the middle of June. I have thought that I might do a little for the cause of peace in your country, in the way of writing for the press."

Mr. Burritt describes in his own characteristic style his projected tour in England.

"About the first June, we propose, under certain conditions, to take steamer or packet for England. On our arrival, we propose to take a private hickory staff and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the country, at the rate of about ten miles a day.

'With a pocket for my wheat, and a pocket for my rye,  
And a jug of water by my side to drink when I am dry.'

Passing thus leisurely on foot through the agricultural districts, we anticipate the opportunity of looking through the hedges and into barn yards; sometimes into the kitchens of the common people, once in a while into a blacksmith's shop to smite at the anvil. In fact, we intend to pull at every latch-string that we find outside the door or gate, and

study the physiology of turnips, hay-ricks, cabbages, hops, &c., and of all kinds of cattle, sheep, and swine. We propose to avoid the *lions* of the country, and confine our *walks* to the low lands of common life; and to have our conversation and communion chiefly with the laboring classes. Perhaps we might get together a knot of them some moonshiny night and talk to them a little on temperance, peace, and universal brotherhood. During such a pedestrian tour, we think we might see and hear some things which a person could not do while whizzing through the country on the railroad at the rate of thirty miles an hour."

Our learned mechanic will have some difficulty in adhering to his project. He may not wish to see "*lions*;" but he will be a lion himself, and men, women, and children will crowd to see him. There are sixteen hundred eager visitors at Exeter to begin with; not to mention the other twenty-nine "*addresses*;" and if he be as extraordinary a linguist as is stated, the learned and the fashionable of England will not fail to do him honor; and he will not be allowed to conceal himself entirely behind cottage doors. But apart from his literary claims, and the paucity of very deeply learned men who visit us from America, (not that we mean that his country is *arida* as a *leonum nutrix*;) his celebrity as a philanthropist will cause his acquaintance to be extensively sought for; and, in seriousness, the intercourse between England and the United States, of persons of his station of life, and of such friendly and peace-loving dispositions, may be a useful counterpoise to the influence—if they have any—of our Trollopes and Dickenses, who prefer idle jesting and mischief to truth and love. Our learned Theban says in a letter last month to one of his cis-Atlantic friends: "Heaven bless old England forever! Her maternal leaning towards her American daughter bespeaks the parent." Well and kindly said, Elihu.—If any of our rural readers should hear of a western stranger, with a brawny arm, wielding a hickory staff, visiting the cottages in their parish, and talking words of peace to the admiring rustics, let them accost him in Greek, or one of the Shemitic tongues, if they can master it, and bid him a friendly welcome.

THE ORIENTALISM OF NAPOLEON.—It has been often said, that he was oriental in all his habits. His plan of supremacy bore all the stamp of orientalism—the solitary pomp, the inflexible will, the unshared power, and the inexorable revenge. The throne of the empire was as isolated as the seraglio. It was surrounded by all the strength of terror and craft, more formidable than battlements and bastions. Its interior was as mysterious as its exterior was magnificent; no man was suffered to approach it but as soldier or slave; its will was heard only by the roaring of cannon; the overthrow of a minister, the proclamation of a war, or the announcement of a dynasty crushed and a kingdom overrun, were the only notices to Europe of the doings within that central place of power. But, with all the genius of Napoleon, he overlooked the true principles of supremacy. All power must be pyramidal to be secure. The base must not only be broad, but the gradations of the pile must be regular to the summit. With Napoleon the pyramid was inverted—it touched the earth but in one point; and the very magnitude of the mass resting upon his single fortune exposed it to overthrow at the first change of circumstances.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.